NEW YORK CLIPPER

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THE CHAMPION WRESTLER.

A LEGEND OF MAD RIVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

In 1795 an engineering party was sent out from Cincinnati, Ohio, to explore the valley of the Miami. The corps was comprised principally of Pennsylvanians, who had been engaged, at that place, for some months past, in gathering and preparing provisions for the Western army. Among the company was a young man of strong, athletic form, and a character notable for its quiet, equitable demeanor, and unflinching courage. He was the champion of the party in athletic exercises, the use of fire arms, or feats of strength, and yet his even temper kept him from broils with his fellows, and rendered him their pride and boast.

The party took their course along the route laid out, touching at Hamilton, Dlayton, Old Chilicothe, and other promising cities, until they struck the mouth of the Little Miami, where their work was at an end. Remaining in camp over Sunday, before starting on their return trip, Lowry, in company with a friend took their rifles in hand and started out for a hunt through the forest. Wending their way towards the north-west, they found a plenitude of game, and were about to return, when Lowry proposed to ascend to the top of a hill near by, that they might take a further glance at the interior. They ascended the hill, and arriving upon the top, each man started back with the exclamation!

"Beautiful!"

It was the Mad River Valley which stretched like a gorgeous picture before them, extending far away in verdant prairies, and luxuriant forests, the dashing, foaming stream gliding like a swift courier between. Far in the distance the smoke rose gracefully up from the little Indian village of Piqua, giving it the appearance of a civilized retreat, where the wanderer might find a home.

Both the hunters were delighted with the prospect, and acknowlged it to be the most beautiful spot they had yet seen. When they returned to the camp, Lowry was observed to be moody and thoughtful, and Donivan, his companion, was left to narrate to his comrades the adventures of the day.

The party returned to Cincinnati, and the next spring the lands lying along the Little Miami and Mad River, were offered for sale. Lowry and Donivan bought shares, and settled on them. But the latter being an excellent engineer, his engagements in that capacity engrossed the most of his time, so that Lowry was left almost alone. Building a little cabin, he hewed away the forest around him, plowed up the prairie, and in a short time planted the first corn, wheat, and barley, ever raised in the valley, by civilized hands.

The tide of emigration was turned in that direction, and the village of Springfield was soon laid out. But I am not going to write the biography of Lowry, but simply to narrate an incident in his life. It is necessary, however, in drawing a detached sketch, to give some knowledge of the individual connected therewith. Lowry was looked upon as the pioneer, the patriarch of the settlers, and was everywhere called "The Hunter of Mad River." Many were the stories told of him, and as the old man is still living, though now old and infirm, he remains the center of a peculiar interest to all who have a thirst for the early history of our country.

The young hunter had his cabin lined with skins—the trophies of his valor—and a visitant to his retreat would have formed, at first sight, the impression that he was but half civilized. He had mingled much among the Indians, and studied well their character, and strolling tribes often pitched their tents around his cabin, and joined with him in the hunt.

It is somewhat singular, that among them all there was not one who could throw him in a wrestle. He had been matched against their best braves, and in every contest, came off victorious. This might have subjected him to their dangerous, and vindictive revenge, but his amiable temper seemed proof against their impetuous passion, and he continued on amicable terms with them to the last.

One day, however, after one of these wandering tribes had been with him for several days, a strange Indian, called Manoka, joined the camp. He was a tall, brawny fellow, with heavy shoulders and close-knit muscles, and a countenance indicative of strong and uncurbed passions.

The first indication the hunter had of his presence, was early in the morning; while kindling the fire in his cabin, to prepare his breakfast, the entire band of Indians came flocking in, headed by the new comer. Lowry rose to his feet and confronted them, demanding the cause of their intrusion. The flashing eye and majestic bearing of the young hunter curbed the blustering air of the company, and after a moment's pause, Manoka advanced and said:

"Manoka comes to wrestle with White Hunter."

"I do not want to wrestle," said Lowry, turning back to his work.

"Come," said the Indian, roughly, "You throw all my braves—better man—wrestle with me!"

Lowry smiled kindly, but declined matching his strength and art against the Indian. Meantime he was closely, yet carelessly observing the build and formation of his challenger, who became enraged at his continued refusal to gratify his desire.

"White man coward—he wrestle with weak, little braves, but afraid to try Manoka—chief!"

The color heightened on the cheek of the young hunter, at the word—coward, but it passed away in a moment, and he motioned negatively with his hand, as he turned away.

"White Hunter shall wrestle!" cried Manoka, springing forward with the bound of a panther, and seizing Lowry by the shoulders.

The young hunter had detected his motion in time to turn and grapple with him. He felt there was now no avoiding the contest, and he quickly took his position. He did not like to enrage the Indian, and, on second thought, he concluded it was better to allow himself to be thrown, only endeavoring to save himself from hurt. After a short struggle, he fell, but so clumsily, that the Indian detected his *ruse*.

"White Hunter play—he no try to wrestle—let him try his best—Manoka throw him anyhow," cried the young chief, proudly.

"I see I'll have to take the conceit out of him," said Lowry to himself. And rolling up his sleeves, he stood ready for the combat.

Without a word, the holds were taken, and the struggle commenced. It was strength and agility pitted against art and counter strength. They were well matched in size and muscle, and the only hope of Lowry was in his art. But he had determined to be conqueror. First upon one side and then to the other the powerful strength of the Indian twisted him passively, but he still clung at his antagonist with a grip of steel. Again and again he was lifted in the air, and dashed violently to the floor, but the hunter still retained his feet. He allowed the Indian to waste his strength, by his repeated exertions, ere he made any effort but in defence. Then, after a few artful trips, which disconcerted his opponent, he dropped suddenly upon one knee, and hurled him over his head—into the fire!

The Indian scrambled forth from the fire, dreadfully burned, and casting a look of vindictive fierceness upon the hunter, he walked angrily away, muttering fiercely to himself.

The hunter smiled to himself over his success, when the band had gone, but he knew the Indian character too well to suppose that he would be readily forgiven by Manoka. He resolved, therefore, to watch his movements while he remained in the camp. For the present, he proceeded about his breakfast, and that over, he quietly took his seat in the door-sill of his cabin.

Manoka was standing before his tent about sixty yards distant, looking towards the cabin, as though watching for his appearance. The sight of Lowry seemed to enrage him, and, after a glance of intense hatred, he turned and entered his tent.

A moment after, he reappeared, bearing in his hand a rifle. Setting it erect, and resting his arms on the muzzle, he gazed savagely for several moments at the hunter; then suddenly seizing it up, he leveled it at his enemy with a deadly aim.

Lowry did not move—did not stir. To have changed his position would have been certain death. The Indian was enraged—the distance but sixty yards—the rifle unerring! It was a moment of life and death, and Lowry's heart—brave as he was—trembled, as he grasped, with one thought, the full extent of his danger! But his cheek did not blanch, nor his eye quail. Slowly raising his left hand, he gently motioned aside the deadly weapon.

Slowly the Indian lowered the rifle, and resuming his former position, again gazed angrily at the hunter. For the second time, the memory of his wrongs seemed to fire his arm, and he raised the rifle to his shoulder, as though determined to wreak his revenge.

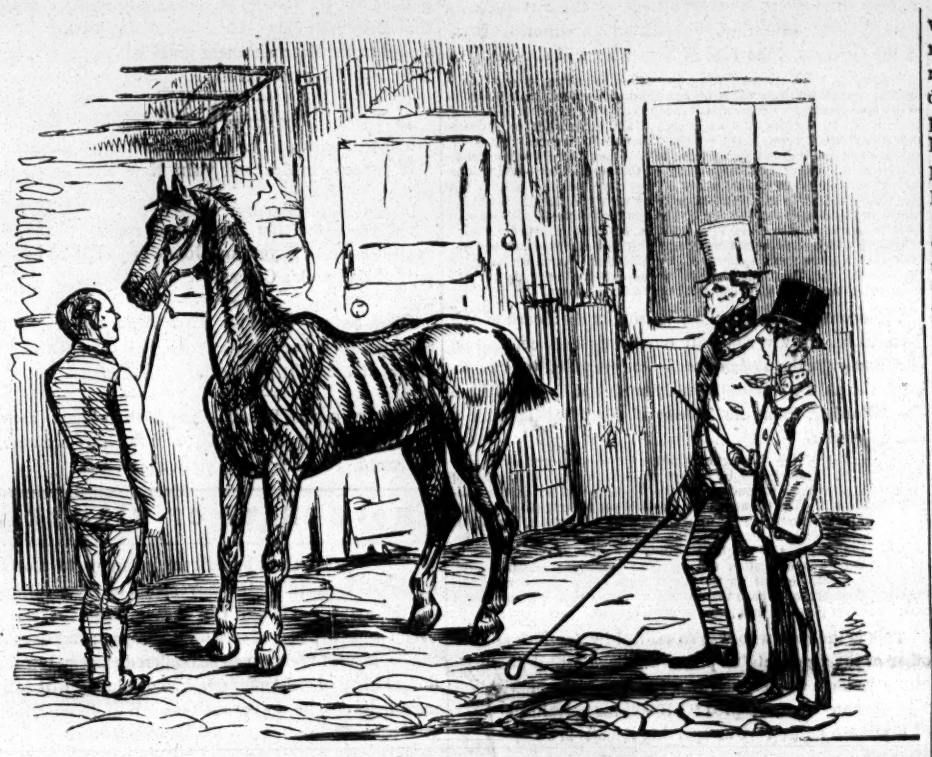
Lowry again motioned his weapon aside, but the eyes of the Indian flashed fire, his face distorted by passion, and every muscle seemed nerved to the deed of death. Lowry thought his time had come.

Suddenly a shadow crossed the glittering barrel of the rifle, and seemed to attract the Indian's attention. His glance wandered from the shadow to the sky, where he descried a large hawk, sailing swiftly by. The rifle veered from the hunter to the bird, and the Indian fired. The hawk fell dead at his feet!

Then fixing his eagle eye on the astonished Lowry, who had sprung to his feet in admiration of the shot, he said, proudly:

"Did Manoka fire at the white hunter, he would fall dead before me, like yonder bird! But white hunter brave man—good wrestler—Manoka will not kill him!"

Lowry and Manoka were ever after sworn friends.



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE. HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL.',

THE PYRENIAN PONY.

THE creature I mounted was scarcely larger than one of those fine mountain-goats, whose size and curved horns emulate those of the deer; it was coal-black, with such little legs as seemed incapable of supporting my weight, much less that of the great, heavy guide, from whom I took it. Its movements were so light, so bounding, that from the moment I left the other clumsy animal, I could feel nothing but a sense of exultation as it leaped up the rocky spiral ladder, as if rejoicing to show me the scene I was hastening to. I could not think I inflicted pain for my own gratification; and I dare say enjoyed myself as much as any of those lady-tourists who, like "petted children," have been carried by their fellow-mortals over such places in *chaises a porteurs*. The dear little thing! I should like to go to the Port de Venasque again, only for the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with that black pony.

During an ascent of two hours, it never stopped of its own accord to breathe but once; nor was I ever obliged to dismount. Francois sometimes held its tail; but he was too fond of it to make use of it as a pulley to bring himself up the ascent, which was at times so steep as to render that tail and the creature's head nearly vertical.

We passed out of Arragon into Catalonia by the Port de Pommereau, ascending still from that of the Picade; and truly I never before believed that any horse's feet could pursue such a track—track, indeed, there was none, or traced only by the course of a mountain-torrent. We either descended stairs of rock, or made our way over broken slate and shingle.

It was curious to see the way my little pony acted in the former case. When these rocky steps were to be passed, some of them at least three quarters of a yard in height, the creature would stand still for a moment, with his head bowed, his intelligent eyes turning from side to side, and his long sharp ears brought forward, and quivering, I suppose from mental exertion, as he reconnoitered the spot and decided on his plan of action.

"Let him go!" the guide would call out; and then, drawing his fore-feet together, and placing them with an air of deliberate resolution on the spot he had selected for a resting-place, he would rest on the stretch for a second or two, until, collecting his powers, with one jerk he brought the hind feet up to the fore; and all I had to do was to bear in mind that adhesiveness was the most useful quality I could now display.—[Miss Bunsbury's Rides in the Pyrenees.

CROCODILE-SHOOTING.

THE first time a man fires at a crocodile, is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins, at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle, nay, even the vulture and the eagle had swept past, or soared above us, in security. At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. R. was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered toward the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that to say, "He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim." I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. "A hundred piastres for the timseach," I exclaimed, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we could never get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

This popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fourth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The Clipper gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The Clipper also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The Clipper is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the Clipper, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

Terms.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion.

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No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Ross & Tousey, 103 Nassau st., N. Y., and 25 Clark st., Chicago.
Mike Madden, 21 and 23 Ann street.
Samuel Yates, 22 Beekman street.
Hamilton & Johnston, 30 Ann street.
Long & Boyle, 32 Ann street.
A. Winch, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
Burnham, Federhen & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
John J. Dyer & Co., 12 Court Square, Boston.
Henry Taylor, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.
A. C. Bagley, Cincinnati.
Wallace, Austin & Buel, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. Ezekiel, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. Campbell, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
Bell & Hendrickson, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Justice, Cleveland, O., March 4, 1857.—"Two persons, representing themselves as John Diamond and Mickey Warren, the celebrated dancers, gave us a flying visit the other day. To-day they were arrested on a charge of stealing clothes from one of our principal hotels. If they are not the originals, you will please say something about it, as their characters may suffer through the designs of these scamps. Knowing you to be posted in matters of this kind, you can tell the whereabouts of the real Simon Pure." There have been so many "John Diamonds," and originals, too, that it is a difficult matter to keep track of them all. We believe, however, that at the time the above theft was committed one of the Diamonds was in Philadelphia. P. S.—We have since learned that Warren is in this city at present, and that he has been here ever since his match dance in Troy. John Diamond, we are also informed, was performing at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, at the date mentioned. Those who have made use of the names of Messrs. Warren and Diamond should be punished to the full extent of the law, and thus be prevented from imposing upon the public in future.

Bobby Trot.—1. From our construction of the rules governing the American Dramatic Fund Association, we consider it doubtful as to your gaining admittance. However, there is nothing like trying. Send in your application, for action by the board. 2. The following notice, which you send us, of an instance of fast time, "beats our time" all to pieces—but, we presume there is a mistake in the matter; the distance may not have been accurately measured, or the time must have been kept by watches on the "Canal street plan." However, we insert it, without vouching for its correctness:—"*Fastest Time on Record.*—On February 10th, 1848, at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota, an Indian named Black Thorn, of the Chippeway tribe, made a wager of five dollars that he could run a mile on the ice, barefoot, in four minutes. He accomplished the feat in the unprecedented time of three minutes and forty seconds." Our correspondent says he can furnish abundant proof of its truthfulness. We should like to have the proof.

Geo. H. B., Warrentown, Mo.—1. Geo. Christy and Woods Minstrels comprise Geo. Christy, G. Gardner, J. Herrman, J. Budworth, G. W. H. Griffin, M. Clarence, L. Meyer, E. Bower, J. E. Mead, T. Vaughn, M. Campbell, Masters Eugene and Howard. 2. Budworth is their banjo player. 3. They have not yet issued any song books for 1857. 4. Subscription expires with No. 48.

Charlie, Jonesville, Mich.—Have forwarded the Nos. wanted to your address. Communications on subjects of sport in your locality will be very acceptable. You will find all the news concerning game fowls, &c., in the Nos. forwarded.

T. J. K., East Granville.—Our correspondent wished to ascertain as to the count for the Pair-Royal—you are correct as to the score for the pair, which, with the Pair Royal, and one for go, makes the entire score nine. We answered the question, literally, as it was sent us.

Amateur Boxer, Buffalo.—1. In the fight between Mose and Horrigen, the latter was the winner, the contest lasting one hour and 54 minutes, and 73 rounds being fought in that time. 2. Horrigan was seconded by Jack Grant and the Spider.

One of Buck's Men, Cleveland, O.—Broome and Orme fought for the Championship on the 18th of April, 1853—31 rounds were fought, occupying two hours and eighteen minutes, when Broome was pronounced the winner.

J. S., Liverpool, Eng.—Kensett died at his residence near this city, in October last. We have forwarded to your address a Clipper containing the announcement of his death.

W. D., Richmond Hill.—We have no recollection of having published anything concerning the party referred to—your informant, doubtless, is mistaken in the name of the paper.

Dock Street, Philad'a.—"Please decide a bet by stating whether the carriage of the Hope Hose Co., of this city, was exhibited at the World's Fair, in New York." It was.

Joe Blueskin, Newcastle.—*All Fours.*—1. Jack is not scored as soon as made—high and low counting before it. 2. When turned up, Jack counts immediately.

Tontine.—1. The Park Theatre was twice burnt down—the Bowery was burnt down on four different occasions. 2. We cannot say with certainty.

J. H. A., Rockland, Me.—1. We are unable to give you the address of Dr. F. Hollick. 2. You may obtain the spaniel by addressing Mr. Butler, Fulton street.

Subscriber, Amsterdam.—Those elastic rubber belts have but recently arrived—they are yet under Custom House lock. The price will be $2.00.

B. G. A., Charlestown, Mass.—We know of no work explanatory of flash language.

Geo. W. Waterhouse, Woonsocket.—Get Stonehenge's Rural Sports, which will give you the information desired.

A. R. N.—We shall be happy to avail ourselves of your kind offer in regard to the photograph of Harry Clasper, the celebrated oarsman.

Little George.—You have not informed us whether the trick was turned and quitted.

Steady Boy.—Harry Lazarus is the eldest son of Izzy Lazarus, formerly of James street, in this city.

Presto, Rahway, N. J.—1. The Tipton Slasher. 2. Bill Hayes.

Neptune, Philad'a.—Will make inquiries, and if we ascertain any thing that we think will prove of service to you, will make known the fact in this department.

Irishman, Bath, Me.—This correspondent wishes to ascertain where, and from what port, the U. S. frigate Constitution last left the States.

S. R.—Mechanical Engine Company, of Baltimore, visited this city in June, 1853.

R. Calhoun, Lynn, Mass.—1. Harvard College was first established in 1636. 2. John Grindell is residing in this city at present.

C. N. and J. J., Albany.—The former is correct—the bones of Andre were dug up and carried to England in 1821.

Machinist, Jersey City.—Rockland Lake is in the State of New York—its distance from this city is about 32 miles.

John Desilver, Chicago.—The match between Skelper and Crib did not come to a fight. See Canine.

M. P., Burlington, N. J.—Certainly, it is a lost bird. We have decided this point before.

Caraker, Philad'a.—In a match against time in the year 1842.

J. M., Quebec.—Money received, and paper forwarded, as directed.

Rob Roy, Cincinnati.—Who vouches for Rob Roy?

T. T., Pittsburgh.—Yes, by Flora Temple, in 2:24¼.

S. M., Albany.—We have a customer for you—forward your deposit.

C. H., Albion.—Subscription expires with No. 18 of our next volume.

Trenton.—In our next.

Taking the Back Track.—A short time previous to the November elections in this city, when Mr. Wm. Wilson was nominated for Alderman of the First Ward, the *Tribune* took particular pains to misrepresent this gentleman before his constituency; and even after his election the same journal continued its assaults, chiefly from the fact that Mr. W. had been engaged, in years past, as principal, on one or two occasions, in the prize ring. We defended Mr. Wilson from the misrepresentations of the "respectable press," as the following extract from an editorial article in the Clipper of the 15th of November will show:

"Although Mr. Wilson has appeared in the prize ring on several occasions, it does not follow that he will endeavor to make a fistic arena of the aldermanic meeting room. On the contrary, Mr. Wilson has the opportunity before him (and we expect he will embrace it) to convince the public that a pugilist is not the 'brute' the 'respectable press' would have that public believe him to be—that there are thousands outside of the fraternity more worthy of that appellation—and that as far as he is concerned the interests of the city shall not suffer. Let Mr. Wilson's *debut* in an official capacity be worthy of imitation—let his career in the Board of Aldermen be such as to give the *lie* to those who have been so ready to decry him, and let his official acts be of that character which shall reflect credit upon himself and his constituency. That such a course *will* be pursued by Alderman Wilson we have not the least doubt. Thus much for 'our' representative in the city government—thus much for 'our' efforts in the 'political arena.'"

The course pursued by Mr. Wilson in the Board of Aldermen has fully verified all our predictions concerning him, and even the *Tribune* has been compelled to acknowledge the public services already rendered by Mr. Wilson. The following, from the *Tribune* of the 6th, illustrates a case in point:

"The defeat of the Lexington Avenue Stage-route swindle is now complete. The Councilmen, by a large majority, voted a Committee of Conference after the Aldermen had not only disagreed but emphatically killed the bill. The friends of the Mayor's pet message in the Board of Aldermen have tried to get up a conference committee, but failed. For this honorable adherence to justice and the rights of the parties interested, the people are indebted principally to Alderman Wilson of the First Ward—an obligation all the more gratifying because unexpected. It would be well for the city if some other members of the Common Council would base their action upon the principles of justice rather than on personal and political predilections."

This is the man who was so vilified by the *Tribune*, and other of the "respectable press." The "brutal pugilist" seems to have suddenly grown in especial favor with the "gentleman" who accepted "$1000" for certain purposes of a private nature. Our sporting friends are not so bad, after all.

A Chance for the Charitable.—Our readers have already been made acquainted with the fact that a week or two since a young lad, named George Johnson, was deliberately killed by the keeper of a lager bier saloon in the Bowery. This lad was almost the sole support of his widowed mother, and his younger sister. By his sudden death, Mrs. Johnson has been left in rather destitute circumstances, and in view of this fact a number of the friends of the deceased lad have made arrangements for a ball, for the benefit of the widow and the orphan, which will take place at the Bowery Assembly Room, 207 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, March 24. We trust that the occasion may be made one of profit to those for whom the ball is to be given, and that all who feel charitably disposed will contribute their mite toward the success of the proposed entertainment. The price of a ticket is but 50 cents. To those young friends who have taken the matter in hand, and who are using their best endeavors to afford succor to the widow and the orphan, we can but say that their praiseworthy efforts in such a benevolent cause will be a source of gratification to them for years to come.

Success to them.—We are pleased to observe that our young friend, T. Long, well known to the newspaper trade, from his long connection with the firm of Ross & Tousey, as salesman, has just entered into partnership with Mr. Boyle, for the transaction of the newspaper business, wholesale and retail. Newsmen may not understand us when we say "T. Long"—that gentleman being better known as "Tommy." We wish our young friends of the new firm abundant success. Their place of business is No. 32 Ann street.

American Horses in England.—Our London correspondent, Leatherstocking, informs us of the movements of the American race horses in England. Mr. Ten Broeck is quietly looking about for the best opening for a "ten-strike." The interest in regard to the visit of Lecompte, Prior, and Prioress, was beginning to manifest itself to a considerable extent in the sporting circles of England, and all sorts of surmises were being indulged in as to the merits of the American racers, and the intentions of their owner. Our readers will be kept posted on the subject.

Take Care.—Too much care cannot be taken at this season of the year regarding our health. The many sudden changes, and piercing March winds, make this month more to be dreaded than any other in the year. It is therefore more particularly necessary that the greatest attention should be given to the subject of keeping ourselves warmly clad, no matter what the temperature of the atmosphere may be at the time. There is no trusting to the weather of March.

Rules! Rules!!—In a few weeks we intend to commence the publication of the various rules for the government of Cricket, Base Ball, Trotting, Running, Yachting, &c., so that our readers may not go astray on the opening of the sporting season of 1857.

Sale of Blooded Stock.—The Morgan horse, known as Champion Black Hawk, formerly owned by Messrs. Ladd, of Richmond, Ohio, and lately by Messrs. McHenry, of Mt. Healthy, has recently been sold to a party in Illinois, for $4,000. Mr. Joseph Cooper, of Glendale, recently sold his celebrated horse, White Eagle, and his famous bay stallion, six years old, by American Boy, out of a thoroughbred Bertrand mare. The price for which they were sold was not made public.

Important!—The following recipe, for making cheap tart, we give for the benefit of New York boarding house keepers:

Take some sour paste and stick a dried apple into it, after which, serve it up.

It is an invaluable recipe, as one pie of this kind will go a great way—the principal danger is that some of the boarders may go a great way, too, before long.

Laughing at Geography.—We find the following paragraph in a late number of the London *Era:*

Laughing at Law.—Horse racing is against the law in Boston, New York, so they call a race a "grand agricultural horse exhibition," and purses are called "premiums." A good people those Bostonians.

Our transatlantic friends seem to be sadly at fault regarding the geography of this country.

Cocking.—There never was known such a season for cocking as the present. The various pits throughout the country are doing a flourishing business, and farmers are beginning to give more attention to the breeding of game fowls. They cannot but be the gainers by it, that's certain.

Bass by the Ton.—The Springfield (Mass.) *Argus* says that more than four tons of bass of fine quality have been seined in the Merrimac, near Rams Islands, within the past four days, by parties from Haverhill and Newburyport.

In Town.—Jem Parker is in town, having sold out his interest in a saloon in Chicago, to Johnny Mackie. Jem is in delicate health, and visits New York for a change of air.

Great.—Read the unabridged report of the second contest between Sayers and Jones, as published in another part of this week's Clipper.

Good Shot.—The Fall River *News* says Mr Andrew Slocum killed four loons at a single shot, a few days ago, on the Horseneck, Westport.

Improving the Breed.—An Arabian mare has been received in Georgetown, Ky., and the introduction of an improved breed of stock is contemplated.

MOVEMENTS OF FIREMEN.

Notice.—We shall be extremely happy to receive information concerning the movements of firemen throughout the country at large. Circulating, as the Clipper does, over a wide expanse of territory, a department devoted to the interests of firemen can be rendered extremely valuable to that class of citizens if our friends abroad will take the trouble to post us on fire matters. Will those interested give some little attention to this suggestion?

Presentation to a Fire Company.—The members of Columbian Engine Co., No. 14, with a large number of their friends, assembled at their engine house on Monday evening last, for the purpose of receiving a testimonial at the hands of several firms, well and favorably known in this community, viz: Messrs. J. & J. W. Meeks, Messrs. Langley & Co., and Messrs. Alden & Co., owners and lessees of property Nos. 14 and 16 Vesey street. A fire was discovered in their premises on the 20th of January, 1857, which, through the exertions of Columbian Engine Co., was subdued with but little loss, although at one time threatening destruction to the entire block, on which is situated the Astor House. As a testimonial of their appreciation of the services so opportunely and successfully rendered by No. 14, the gentlemen above named had manufactured to order a magnificent piece of silver plate, in the shape of a large and beautiful pitcher, the cost of which was $150; and on Monday evening last the presentation took place, Mr. J. W. Meeks, on behalf of the donors, accompanying the presentation with a few appropriate remarks, which were responded to for the company, by Mr. Ralph Trembly, in suitable terms.

After these ceremonies had been concluded, an adjournment was had to the sitting room, where the company had provided an entertainment of another description, something to tickle the palate, and "wet" the appetite. Here speeches were made by Mr. J. W. Meeks, Mr. Belcher, ex-President of the Fire Department Fund, Messrs. Stag, Trembly, and Col. Blair, of Pennsylvania. Messrs. Woodruff, Heath, Costa, Trembly, Chancellor, and Venn, added interest to the occasion by singing some popular ballads. Sentiments came so thick and fast that we were unable to note them all. One, however, given by Col. Blair—"The Chief of the Fire Department, Harry Howard," was received with three times three, and the usual "tiger" accompaniment. Mr. Belcher gave "The Foreman of 14 Engine Company." This was responded to by Mr. Jas. Forsyth, foreman of the company. By invitation of Col. Blair and J. Stag, the company adjourned to the Astor House, where the balance of the evening was passed in the true spirit of firemen.

Funeral of a Fireman.—Columbian Engine Co., No. 14, turned out in full force, on Sunday last, 8th inst., to attend the funeral of their late fellow-member, Geo. D. Forbes. The company paraded 140, comprising members and ex-members, ex-foremen, &c., all dressed in black, and presenting a very neat appearance. About two hundred other members of the department also took part in the funeral ceremonies. The line of march of the procession was from 40th street to 4th Avenue, thence to Broadway, and down Broadway to the "South Ferry," the remains of deceased being conveyed thence to Greenwood Cemetery. Deceased had been in ill health for some time, the company to which he was attached doing all in their power to render his situation as comfortable as circumstances would admit. These little attentions on the part of firemen are but seldom noticed, while the few errors they occasionally commit are fully blazoned forth to the world.

The New Chief.—Thus far, Mr. Harry Howard, Chief of the New York Fire Department, seems to give satisfaction by the interest he takes in the welfare of the entire department, and by his active duties at the scene of conflagration. We are gratified to notice this fact, and trust that in a short time all unpleasant recollections of the past feuds that have existed in the department relative to Messrs. Howard and Carson will have been obliterated.

Testimonial to Alfred Carson.—A number of prominent members of the New York Fire Department have now in course of manufacture a suitable testimonial to be presented to Mr. Alfred Carson, late Chief of the Department, as a tribute to his worth as a fireman, and as a private citizen. No one is more deserving of such an honor than Mr. Carson, and we trust that the occasion of the presentation may be made one of "union and harmony" among firemen generally.

Home Again.—An escort was formed on the 7th inst., for the purpose of welcoming home Engine Co., No. 34, on their return from their visit to Washington, to witness the inauguration of President Buchanan. The companies taking part in this pleasant reception were, Engines 48, 2, 17, 33, 21, 11, 44, and we believe some others, and Hose Cos. 23, 12, 10, and 17. The Howards were absent about one week, and speak well of the many courtesies extended them at the hands of the firemen of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Shelton's excellent band accompanied the excursionists.

Going Off.—It is said that several of our fire companies are making arrangements for excursions during the coming summer. Among the contemplated visits, we understand that Oceanus Engine Co. No. 11, and the New York Hose Co. No. 5, will visit Boston and vicinity on the 17th of June next. No. 11 will be received and entertained by the Washington Engine Co. No. 5, of Charlestown.

Election for Assistant.—On Monday next, March 16th, an election will be held for an Assistant Engineer, occasioned by the election of Henry H. Howard as Chief Engineer. There are several names up for the office, but all we have to say upon the subject is, "may the best man win."

Sports in Old Berks.

City of Reading, Pa., March 9, 1857.

Dear Frank—Our friend Neidly (the host of the "Social Retreat") served up a sumptuous supper to a number of his friends, principally lovers of the trigger. This supper was the stakes of a shooting match, the summary of which was reported in the last issue of the Clipper.

We assure you that our worthy host knows well how to cater to the organ of alimentiveness. A turkey (when dressed weighing 20 lbs.) and a couple of fine ducks stood in bold relief on the table, and these, with the necessary fixins, were sufficient to make a good knife laugh. We have heard of *bills* being laid on the table in legislative halls, but never knew of one disposed of with as little ceremony as were the tempting details which graced the table of our worthy host. No rhetorical flourishes or flashes of oratory were introduced to demonstrate the adaptation of the provisions on the table with the cravings of the guests. We condole our friends who were defeated in the shooting match, with the fact that what they lacked in experience with the trigger, abundant compensation was made with knife and fork.

After the removal of the cloth and the introduction of generous wine, the party ere long became exhilarated; and, as a legitimate consequence, songs, recitations, and toasts were [illegible] harmoniously with flowing bumpers. The party, after enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, and expressing a desire for other entertainments of the same sort, retired to their respective homes, all the better for wear.

Epicurean.

Pigeon Shooters, Attention!

A shooting match will take place at Neidly's for a splendid single-barrelled gun, valued at $30. Number of chances will regulate the entrance money; and the conditions will be mutually agreed upon by the competitors on the day of shooting. Pigeon Feather.

Good Shooting.—A match at pigeon shooting took place in Jersey City, on the 5th inst., between John Nelson, of Long Island, and John Taylor, of Jersey City, for $100 a side. The conditions were: To shoot at 25 birds each, at 21 yards rise, 80 boundary, 1¼ oz. of shot, the gun below the elbow. The same parties met on the 19th of February, at East New York, Taylor then proving the winner, shooting 20 out of 21 birds, to his opponent's 19. On the present occasion there was considerable excitement between the friends of the parties. Taylor was the favorite at first, but as the shooting progressed, Nelson became first in the betting, which position he held for a short time, when Taylor again became the favorite. The following is a

SUMMARY.

Nelson..0111111111110111101111111—22
Taylor..0110111111111111111111111—23

So close a match was it, that the victory was only decided by one of Nelson's birds falling just beyond the boundary line, while one of Taylor's fell just inside.

The same parties are to shoot another match on the 12th inst., on the Union Race Course, Long Island. Each man to spring his own trap.

Pedestrianism and Lager Bier.—Chicago, Febr'y. 28, 1857.—Mr. Editor:—A little affair in the way of Lager beer drinking and Pedestrianism came off in one of our Lager Beer Saloons the other day, which I think is worth mentioning. A Dutchman undertook to walk 24 hours without stopping, and in this time agreed to drink 40 glasses of lager beer, which he accomplished. Considerable bets were made in the shape of lager and Swatsa cheese. The best of it was, Hans is but a little fellow, one of King John's men (four feet nothing, and about as thick). There was much excitement among the Dutch towards the last, as to whether he could do it, as he was so used up the last hour that he could scarcely put one leg before the other. Only fancy a lager beer barrel rolling for 24 hours without stopping. Yours, Young Sport.

P. S.—The wager was $10, and Lager beer and Swatsa cheese for 10.

Lambert's Challenge Accepted.—Boston, March 9.—Mr. Frank Queen: In reading the Clipper a few weeks since I noticed a challenge from Mr. Lambert, in which he wishes to run me a five-mile foot race, for $50 or $100 a side. I willingly accept his challenge, and will run him the above distance, for $100 a side—the race to come off on the Lawrence track, on Fast Day next. Man and money ready at 88½ Cambridge street, Boston.

Wm. Hendley.

Challenge.—I will run any man in New England a five-mile foot race on Fast Day, over the Lynn Park, for $100 or $150 a side. A match can be made at Foley's, Mechanics' Saloon, Oxford street, Lynn, or an answer through the Clipper will be attended to.

Lynn, March 7th. P. Buckley, (Lynn Buck.)

Won the Bet.—A young man by the name of Brown, a clerk in Fitchburg, bet five dollars that he could walk five miles within one hour. He accomplished his task in fifty-four minutes, and won the bet.

BOATING IN BOSTON.—The following communication is from a well-informed Boston correspondent, who seems desirous of seeing aquatic sports maintain the prestige they have obtained of late years in the Athens of America. We hope our friends of the "Charles River Boat Club Association" will not flag in their efforts to promote aquatic amusements among the young men of Boston:

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me a small space in the present issue of your journal to remind our amateur boatmen that something will be expected of them the coming season in the way of amusement. I have been led to address you upon the subject, from the fact that knowledge has recently come to my ears of the apparently languishing state of that praiseworthy institution—the Charles River Amateur Boat Club Association. You are perhaps well aware of the flattering auspices under which this association was formed, and of the many pleasant regattas which have taken place from time to time under its immediate supervision; and I trust that the very many who have been witnesses heretofore of its delightful series of spectacles on Charles River will not be disappointed by a non-repetition in 1857. The association I understand has in its possession a beautiful gold champion medal, open to any amateur club who may wish to join and compete for it in an honorable race—said medal to be rowed for once a year—the winning boat to keep the same, accompanied with a handsome diploma, until they may be fortunate enough to partake of the felicity of being beaten. Other prizes are also selected and rowed for as often as the association may dictate. In view, then, of the past career of this organization, and as a fond lover of manly and healthful exercise, may I not hope that our young men will come forward, lend their aid, and partake of its benefits, resting assured that nothing will conduce more to the perfecting of their physical organization than an intimate acquaintance with, and practice of, the art of "gracefully plying the oar." Facilities for boating nowhere present themselves more forcibly than here. The accommodations in our city for clubs are inferior to none, while Charles River has long had the reputation of furnishing the best racing ground to be found. Let there be, then, a grand rally among the different clubs; and let it not be said that the young men of Boston are backward in supporting a noble and invigorating sport. SPECTATOR.

TWO DOG STORIES.—The following remarkable little story of a remarkable little dog, goes to show that men and monkeys are not the only imitative animals. "Read, ponder, and inwardly digest:"

"During the past winter, a gentleman in Lawrence, Mass., one morning when the snow was covered with a smooth icy crust, noticed a little dog seated on his haunches, sliding down the steep bank before his house. He supposed that he had slipped, but as soon as he reached the bottom of the hill, the dog ran up again, and assuming the same position, again slid down. He continued this sport for some time, apparently with great delight."

Another instance of a similar character is thus related by the Ohio *Statesman*, of a recent date:

A day or two since, Mr. Case, of this city, having business at the house of an acquaintance, a short distance in the country, started out, accompanied by his dog—a large animal, crossed with the Newfoundland and bull dog. Upon arriving at the door he rang the bell, and was admitted by one of the inmates—leaving his dog on the portico. His visit was somewhat prolonged, and before he had completed his business the bell again rang. Supposing that another person was without, the gentleman of the house went to the door, when, to his utter surprise, he found the dog standing upon his hind feet, with the bell-knob in his mouth. This was the second opportunity the animal had had of witnessing the process by which his master had gained admittance into the house, and being tired of waiting for his return, he undertook, by the same means, to effect an entrance himself, or, perhaps, to bring his master forth.

LITERARY ITEMS.

KNOWING well that the flowers of literature should be occasionally examined by the way side of utility, we love to stop and have a few words of consultation upon new books. Among those lately talked of we find—

THE BORDER ROVER. By Emerson Bennett. This is a pleasing description of border life over the plains or prairies to the Rocky Mountains. It has been printed in good style by T. B. Peterson, in Philadelphia, who supplies the work free of postage, to those who remit him the price (one dollar) per mail.

A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND LETTER WRITING. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York. "How to Write" is the serial title of this work, and the powers above know it is needed. All who wish to write properly should obtain the document. There are two styles in the publication—one sells for 30 cents, the other for 50 cents.

DINSMORE'S THIRTY MILES AROUND NEW YORK. This little guide is as indispensable as a watch in such a surrounding wilderness of bricks and mortar, with the rising business of our rural neighbors. For twelve cents we can keep our ideas sorted out for activity and usefulness. Every man's coat should have a pocket made expressly to carry his "Dinsmore" in.

VIVIA; THE SECRET OF POWER. Here we have one of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's delightful stories, inculcating moral maxims in an interesting narrative. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, is the publisher, and he has the work in two styles, one in paper for a dollar, and the other bound in cloth for a dollar and a quarter, which he will furnish direct, free of postage, to those who remit him the cash by mail.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1857.

FRIEND QUEEN—St. Valentine's Day has "been and gone and done it" for this island of Great Britain, and we now have the first peep of the daisies and the snow drops in the hedge bottoms which are to precede the buttercups in the fields for the year 1857. As the winter sets in here at least two months earlier than with you, so we have now the advantage of early spring weather, to make up for the loss of those delicious autumn days that make New York beautiful almost as late as Christmas. You know how it is with sportsmen—we are "at home" in any climate where the sun shines upon the face of nature. But, you want the sporting items. Well, here they are, done up like a Scotch sermon, or Dogberry's reasons, or a bunch of Spring radishes.

THE AQUATICS GETTING AFLOAT.

On Monday and Tuesday the Oxford University Boat Club have their annual pair-oared races for the silver cups, oars, medals, etc., usually given. The Torpid Races are fixed for March 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, and 20. The following colleges are expected to contend—Brazenose, Balliol, Exeter, Pembroke, University, Christ Church, Queen's, Worcester, Trinity, Wadham, and Oriel.

The Thames Subscription Club have invited both the Oxford and Cambridge crews for a friendly meeting, after rowing their matches on the Thames, on the 4th of April, to wind up with a grand banquet on Monday the 6th, at some convenient hotel in London.

At a late meeting of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, the fact having been duly announced by the hon. sec., Mr. F. Chubb, that Dr. Berncastle (their late commodore) had established the Sydney Yacht Club in New South Wales, complimentary resolutions were passed in honor of that new candidate for fame in the spreading of aquatic societies.

More than fifty members of the London Rowing Club sat down at their dinner yesterday. The new boat houses at Putney are nearly finished.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club Ball took place on the 6th. About 350 couples were present. Lord Alfred Paget, the commodore, presided.

The Royal London Yacht Club have established their new reading room, and had a grand ball at Willis's Rooms on the 18th.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Richard Clasper and Robert Chambers, the oarsmen, mean to warm up with a foot race soon over the Newcastle Race Course, for £5 a side, and the loser to furnish a good spread for 20 friends.

At Birmingham, Parker and Hooper, Akers and Cooper, Badger and Causer, Hughes and Williams, and Gould and Bailey, have all ran matches this week. Joseph Willetts, Alfred Simpson, and Young Southall, are out with challenges.

At Manchester, Schofield and Barlow, Hirst and Medley, and Sydall and Seville, are making up matches, those between the first two couples to come off March 7, and the latter couple April 6.

At Salford, W. Willcock, of Manchester, was winner in the deciding heat in the All-England Handicap Races last Monday, so the Flying Barber had his usual good luck. The ordinary handicap foot races are continued every Monday. Matches are up, varying from £5 to £50 a side, between Greenwood and Landon, Forster and Roberts, Turner and Morris, Nelson and Holden, Hardman and Barber, Kent and Harrison, and Booth and Collinge.

The movements here in London are very numerous. C. Cooke, of Marylebone, and Cummings, of Notting Hill, are to run twenty miles for £20 a side, in a few weeks. Wm. Jackson has also challenged Cooke. Levett and Pudney will run their match soon. Booth, the Lancashire step dancer, has taken a public house in London.

The walking match between Robert Fuller (Pedestrian Bob) and Dick Rogers came off last Thursday. It was a 20-mile go, but Rogers gave in at the twelfth mile. Bob made his 12 miles in 2hs. 1m. 23sec., and lifted the £25 a side.

DOG RACING.

At Bellevue, Manchester, Mr. J. Kenyon's Nancy and T. Greenhalgh's Fly ran a race of 200 yards last Saturday, for £25 a side, and Nancy won by a yard. Similar matches are up between Mr. Bennett's Nettle and Thomas Cook's Fan, James Woodcock's Posey and Schofield's Mary Nobbler, J. Crossley's Spot and L. Dick's Jenny, and Joseph Taylor's Mary Copp and James Wild's Spark.

A handicap dog race is to come off at Bury, March 14. Another at Audenshaw, Feb. 28.

A trial hunt has been arranged by Mrs. John Andrew, at the Church Inn, Saddleworth, to run between Clossop and Saddleworth, and the prizes are very liberal.

THE SPRING HANDICAPS.

The joke about "Darkie" was very shortlived, for the real use to be made of such a nomination was soon apparent, just as I stated it would be. Flacrow heading the list at 9st. 2lbs., it was necessary to have just such a dummy as Darkie at 9st. to keep that weight at least for a heading. However, the next highest weight being Vengeance in accepting, 8st. 5lbs., Mr. Topham has now given Vengeance the head at 9st.; and this, of course, raises all the others in proportion. As for "Mr. Darlington," and his "Darkie," they have disappeared; or, rather, never appeared. This mythical mystery being cleared up, and the weighting put at 9lbs. nearer reason, the only trouble now is for the three-year-olds to look out that they can stay the distance with the heavy brigade. I think my little bet on Vengeance now safer than ever, although the leading weight of horses in a handicap is seldom the winner. The weather will be the main influence for or against Vengeance's performance. We shall soon see. All the Spring handicaps attract great attention, and perhaps our Yankee folks would like to examine some statistics on the subject. They may serve for making up a comparative judgment although I have not been able to procure the longest over eleven years:—

CHESTER CUP.—2¼ miles.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1846	142	92	Corranna	a	8	9
1847	176	107	St. Lawrence	a	7	10
1848	156	106	Peep-o'-day Boy	4	7	0
1849	201	107	Malton	4	6	10
1850	189	104	Mounseer	4	6	9
1851	192	82	Nancy	3	4	12
1852	210	130	Joe Miller	3	4	10
1853	216	131	Goldfinder	5	7	6
1854	216	118	Epaminondas	3	4	10
1855	200	119	Scythian	4	7	4
1856	196	101	One Act	3	4	13*
1857	188	118				

* Carried 5st 11lb, including 5lb extra.

GREAT NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.—2 miles.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1846	79	26	Morpeth	5	7	9
1847	101	47	Wolfdog	5	8	11
1848	101	39	Lady Wildair	4	8	5
1849	113	42	Fernhill	4	6	8
1850	120	42	Priestess	4	6	10
1851	128	34	Valentine	4	6	1
1852	100	36	Poodle	3	4	5
1853	117	73	Defiance	3	5	13
1854	116	43	Jacqueline	4	6	8
1855	109	35	Hungerford	a	7	13
1856	97	43	Siding	4	6	6
1857	99	39				

GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP.—2 miles.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1854	210	83	Virago	3	6	6
1855	108	60	Neville	4	6	11
1856	83	42	One Act	3	5	4
1857	70	46				

GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.—2 miles.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1846	61	p.p.	Chamois	3	5	7
1847	114	59	Clermont	3	5	3
1848	91	51	Glen Saddel	3	5	3
1849	105	63	Fernhill	4	6	13
1850	88	42	Backbiter	5	7	3
1851	113	44	The Ban	3	5	4
1852	115	56	Stilton	3	4	11
1853	120	62	Gadabout	3	5	7
1854	113	63	Virago	3	6	0
1855	81	46	Fandango	3	6	2
1856	79	41	Cannobie	3	5	12
1857	88	43				

CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAPS.—1¾ mile.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1851	51	24	Elthiron	5	8	5
1852	48	28	Butterfly	3	4	12
1853	81	23	Ethelbert	3	5	13
1854	107	68	Virago	3	6	4
1855	86	46	Ireland's Eye	5	7	4
1856	94	55	Hospitality	3	6	2
1857	100	54				

NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—2 miles, 119 yards.

Year.	Subs.	Acceptances.	Winner.	age	st	lb
1846	132	60	Kesheng	4	7	0
1847	77	38	Clermont	3	4	10
1848	96	25	St. Demetri	5	7	7
1849	59	32	Canezou	4	8	7
1850	61	40	Cheerful	4	5	12
1851	59	34	Hesse Homburg	3	5	5
1852	58	35	Father Thames	3	5	9
1853	88	49	Talfourd	3	5	3
1854	77	43	Coup d'Etat	3	5	13
1855	76	40	Hercules	4	7	3
1856	52	35	The Earl	4	6	4
1857	34	18				

Thus you may also see the present state of the acceptances for 1857. The betting is not very brisk, although there is plenty of talk. Most of the bookmakers have been amusing themselves at the steeplechases; those at Oundle and Westbury, for example. The Caermarthenshire was set down for the 17th, but I have not yet heard how the Welchmen got their fun.

The number of mares on friendly terms just now with certain favorite stallions (who are serving them with the compliments of the season) is very great. The naming of yearlings is going on with a business-like manner, and the breaking tackles are put on with an eye to making a famous name in the "Racing Calendar."

COURSING.

The four days of the Champion Meeting at Newmarket were almost as interesting as four days of horse racing. The dogs showed a fine field, and crowds of ardent admirers went from London to witness the sport. The Puppy Stakes went to Mr. Buckworth's Bulbul on the fifth (deciding) run. The All-Aged Stakes went to Lord Stradbrooke's Miranda, on the fourth run. The Exning Stakes, for puppies, went to Mr. Fyson's Fury, on the third run. The Chippenham Stakes, for puppies, went to Mr. Bartlett's Mentor, on the second run. The Rutland Stakes were divided by Levity and Legion, both belonging to Mr. Garrad, on the second run. All the ties were run off beautifully until there were but two or three dogs in the deciding runs. Mr. McGregor was the judge, and T. Raper the slipper. A separate match has been made for Lord Stradbrooke's Mahomed and Mr. King's Recruit.

At Holt Fleet, in Worcestershire, after two postponements on account of bad weather, a splendid day gave opportunities for a very spirited meeting. The County Wexford Club met at a capital piece of coursing ground in Wexford Harbor, and had fine runs for the honor of Old Ireland. The Scotchmen had another fine meeting with the Ardrossan Club at Sharphill, in Ayrshire. Similar coursing meetings have been held at Overton, Wiltshire; Chester, Cheshire; Baschurch, Shropshire; Epsom, Surrey; Audlem, Cheshire; and Malton, Yorkshire. The Earl of Lonsdale has also patronized Martin's coursing meetings at Lowther with his usual liberality.

MR. TEN BROECK'S HORSES.

Mr. D. P. Palmer has all these in training, and on the 1st of April will remove to the house and stables recently occupied by Mr. S. Scott, at Houghton Down, near Stockbridge. The premises have been hired for six months only from that date, and this gave rise, probably, to the report that the horses had been removed from Newmarket. If such had been the case, I should have known the circumstance, and informed you of it as soon as reason or propriety would allow.

LEATHERSTOCKING.

IMPROVING THE BREED.—The Hillsborough, N. H. Agricultural Society, at a recent meeting, adopted a resolution not to allow trotting at their county fairs at a faster rate than a mile in four minutes. Well, that's an improvement, for until recently these "Society fellers" used to look upon a "six minute gait" as something extraordinary. They'll get "broke in" before long.

THE RING.

PRIZE FIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—ARREST OF SOME OF THE PARTIES.—Our readers will recollect that for many weeks past a number of "pugs" in Boston have had quite a lively time of it in "talking fight," but, for various reasons, nothing came of it all, until Henry Finnegass, a barkeeper for Ed. Price, in North street, entered the arena, and posted the dimes for a set-to with Johnny Roberts, of Chicago. This match was arranged about four weeks since, in a private manner, and Thursday, March 5, selected as the day for the "tourney." Matters were kept so very quiet previous to the day of battle that even the CLIPPER was not advised of the "spot" chosen for the contest. Some of our pugilistic friends are generally very anxious to have their movements chronicled when a notice in the CLIPPER will prove of any pecuniary benefit to them, but when they have opportunities of forwarding us items of news that will prove interesting to our readers, they do not give themselves the least trouble. When the match in question was first made, one of the principals sent us a communication in which it was promised that full particulars of the arrangements making would be forwarded us, so that we might have a reporter on the spot at the time. But as these promises were not fulfilled, we naturally supposed that this, like many other matches of a similar character, was more for a bar-room speculation, and that the affair had passed off. We were undeceived, however, on receiving the Boston *Herald* of Saturday; that paper, in a brief notice, stating that the fight had taken place at the time stipulated, and that a number of those concerned in it had been arrested. The following extracts from the Boston *Herald* will give our readers an idea of the contest and its results:

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON.—Since the unexpected denoument attendant upon the preliminaries of a prize fight in the vicinity of Spot Pond, last fall, the disciples of Fistiana in this city have remained tranquil, fearing that another attempt at a grand prize display of the fistic science might be attended with worse results than befel the "lovers of the manly art" on the Spot Pond excursion.

But, gaining courage, the preliminaries of another ring fight, for $200 a side, between two disciples, were arranged in this city some weeks since, the bottle-holders, umpire, ground, &c., determined upon, and the day fixed for the display. And agreeable to "private instructions," Thursday last was fixed upon for the friends of the men pitted against each other for the fight, to take the cars for a spot of ground about twelve miles from Boston, via Eastern Railroad.

The arrangements were conducted in so quiet a style that before either the police of this city or the villagers who resided near the battle-ground, were aware, the battle had terminated, and the spectators returned home unmolested.

The contest for superiority is described as having been very protracted and animated, both men proving game to the last; and it was not until fifty lengthy rounds had been fought, occupying *two hours and twenty-nine minutes*, that the friends of one of the parties engaged were obliged to withdraw him from the ring that his life might not be perilled and his murder be upon their hands. It is said that he was terribly "punished," his facial lineaments being scarcely discoverable even after diligent application of the "sponge." The winner did not fare much better, his jaw being broken, and his vision almost obliterated.

Flattered with the success which attended the consummation of the fight, the getters-up and participants thereof became indiscreet; that is, they made too public mention of the parties connected therewith, and the incidents following its consummation. At last the whole affair revealed itself to the police, and Captain Savage of the First Police District—within whose precincts it was certain the "aiding and abetting" parties resided—took measures to secure the alleged guilty ones for the purpose of a criminal prosecution.

In this endeavor, it is believed the Captain has been successful, and that the right ones are now in custody. These are all young men, none of whom being over 24 years of age, and their names, Henry Finnegass, Bernard Ford, Edmund E. Price, and Martin, (otherwise called James) Hart. These men were all arrested this (Saturday) forenoon, and as the "ring" was pitched within the precincts of Danvers town, they will be sent thither, or to Salem, this afternoon, for examination on Monday.

The antecedents of the arrested ones are decidedly of a Fistianic nature; they are gentlemen who have been "long and favorably known" as "bruisers;" excepting Finnegass, they have all laid claim to be "Professors of the Manly Art of Self-Defence," and have given exhibitions in this city. All lay claim to "well-earned reputation" acquired either in Liverpool or Manchester! They are distinguished as "light weights," and all have fought in the prize ring with various success.

Price is the proprietor of a saloon in North street, and it is stated that Finnegass, who was formerly in his employ as bar-keeper, was one of the principals in the fight for which the parties are now under arrest; his adversary, the winner of the stakes ($200,) has not been found. The remaining three, under arrest, it is thought acted in the several capacities of umpires, judges and seconds.

We have heard it stated that the winner of the fight is John Roberts, a man who has acquired some fame through the public sparring exhibitions as a "science man."

LATER.—THE LATE PRIZE FIGHT—*The Parties Arrested Held for Examination.*—Saturday noon, two police officers, attached to the Chief's office, proceeded to Roxbury, and arrested Thomas Davis, another of the parties engaged in the prize fight which took place in Danvers last Thursday. Davis is said to have acted as second to Roberts. Finnegass, Davis, Price, Ford, and Hart were conveyed to Salem by City Marshal Perkins, Saturday afternoon.

Upon their arrival in that city, they were immediately taken before the Police Court, but as the Government was not ready to proceed to an examination, the cases were continued. Finnegass, who is alleged to have been one of the principals in the fight, was ordered to furnish sureties in $5000 for his appearance. The other four were held in the sum of $1000 each as aiders and abettors. Davis obtained the required sureties, but the others were committed to jail.

The fight took place in a hall in South Danvers. About fifty persons were present from this city. Roberts had his jaw broken on the third round, but, notwithstanding his severe injuries, held out "game" until the end of the fight. Roberts has not yet been arrested. It is supposed, however, that he is in Boston, under medical treatment.

These are all the particulars that have transpired up to this time. As usual, the parties have only themselves to blame for the arrests made—they kept unusually quiet *before* the fight, but afterwards let their tongues run with a looseness that could not fail to attract the attention of the city officials. Roberts did not find his job with Finnegass such an easy one as he had anticipated. Roberts is the same one who was defeated by Murphy, in a fight near Boston on the 11th of January, 1856. On that occasion, the men fought twenty-three rounds in two hours and thirty-two minutes, being three minutes over the time consumed in the present match.

Barney Ford, is the same who fought Lafferty, near Boston, last summer, and which match was given in for Ford, although it was generally conceded that he was not fairly entitled to the stakes—in fact, the backers of Lafferty subsequently received back a portion of their stakes from the opposite party. This happened while we were on a summer tour, and the true facts in the case have only very recently been made known to us. Outside bets paid "the shot" for that affair, or the backers of Ford would not have been so ready to return the backers of Lafferty their stakes.

Tom Davis, another of the arrested parties, has been made famous by his victory over the renowned Hammer Lane, in England, in 1850. In that celebrated battle, Davis was declared the victor after a contest of 40 rounds, occupying 67 minutes. Davis subsequently came to this country, and gave a series of sparring exhibitions in this city, Boston, and other places.

Ed. Price formerly belonged to Newark; he afterwards kept a saloon in one of our river towns. From there he left for Boston, where he has remained ever since. In 1856, he made a match to fight Joe Coburn, of this city, for $100 a side. The battle took place at Still Pond, near Boston, in May, 1857. One hundred and sixty rounds were fought, in three hours and twenty minutes, when darkness put an end to the fight, each man receiving his own stakes back.

Martin Hart, who is better known as James Hart, became known to the fancy in this vicinity by his fight with Kelly, in New Orleans, a few years since. He afterwards came to this city, and subsequently went to Boston, where it was not long before he was matched to fight Johnny Monahan, by whom he was defeated.

Finnegass we have no recollection of, and do not think he ever before appeared as a principal in the prize ring.

Thus we have given a brief sketch of the fistic career in this country of the parties under arrest.

The effect of these arrests will doubtless be to deter others, similarly situated, from using their tongues so freely after a battle has been decided. The parties in this affair would probably have fared better had they done all their talking *before* the fight. If the backers of these men are the same who figured in the Ford and Lafferty affair, we shall certainly inquire into the manner in which the match was conducted, so that those interested in outside bets may know whether they have fairly lost their money or not. We have heard it whispered that some of the "principal supporters of sports" were interested in this fight; we will ascertain that fact, however, before noticing the matter further.

SWEETMAN AND THOMPSON.—Hamilton, C. W., March 5, 1857.—Having seen a challenge in the CLIPPER, a few weeks ago, from Bill Thompson, to fight me for $500 a side, I hardly thought it worth while answering it; but upon a second consideration, I thought I would give him a chance to obtain what he seeks for, *i. e.*, the name of a fighting man. After I fought Young Dutch Sam, and was chiseled out of the money, except $200, I then, among my friends, made known that I would fight no more. After I got in business in Buffalo, this said Thompson challenged me to fight him for the paltry sum of $25 a side. To keep him quiet I accepted it, fought and whipped him in 47 minutes. Thompson's fighting weight is 174 lbs., while mine is but 126 lbs. Your readers can judge the per centage he has. However, I am happy to accept his challenge in the following way:—To fight according to the rules of the London Prize Ring—the fight to take place in Canada, in six weeks from the first deposit—the victor to use his money as he sees fit. As Mr. Thompson is so benevolent, it would be well if he were the victor to give his money to the Buffalo Orphan Asylum. I will give Mr. Thompson two weeks to deposit $50 with the CLIPPER, and I will cover it immediately. I think two weeks long enough if he means fighting. If not, let it drop immediately.

JOHNNY SWEETMAN.

NOT SATISFIED—Having had a turn-up with Tom Murphy on the 21st of Feb., which the police put an abrupt termination to, and of course put a stop to further proceedings, and as the referee decided that Murphy had the best of the fight, and would have won the battle, Murphy claims the stakes, which my backers refuse to give up. Now, to settle this matter honorably, I will fight Tom Murphy a fair stand up fight for $25 or $50 a side, or for fun, any time he may name. If he is not satisfied with this, I wish to hear no more of his blowing. Man and money ready at Chelsea Ferry Hall, corner of Hanover and Commercial streets.

JOHN HINCKLEY, Boston.

HORRIGAN AND LAZARUS.—The proposed match between these little ones is progressing, some little difference of opinion existing in reference to one or two clauses in the articles of agreement, which will be settled, doubtless, in the course of a few days. There is already considerable interest manifested in the match between Lazarus and Horrigan, for both are known to possess abilities of no common order. Should the arrangements be completed this week, the articles will be published in our next.

NOT THIS JOHN.—We are requested to state that the John Monahan arrested at Keyport, N. J., for being concerned in a recent Jersey City robbery, is not John Monnahan, of boxing fame.

DOUBLE MATCH.—Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Joe Coburn, of New York, both now in Philadelphia, are ready to make a match with any two men in the United States, of their weight—Scotty's, 120 lbs., and Coburn's 148. Men and money ready at No. 271 North Second street, Philadelphia. Amount of stakes from $100 to $300 a side.

SPORTING IN MINNESOTA.—Mendota, M. T., Feb. 22, 1857.—FRIEND FRANK,—I've concluded to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am still in the "land of the living." As I stated in one of my previous letters, this part of the hemisphere may be set down as a "sporting" country; not only for the followers of "Nimrod" and "Izaak Walton," but also for "trotters," *i. e.*—fast men, and fast nags—especially in the young city of St. Paul. Though the "tracks" are at present blocked up with snow, yet the river (the noble Mississippi) which at this time of the year is in a "sound" condition, answers all the purposes of a race track, on clearing off the snow. About two weeks ago a crowd assembled on the ice, opposite the "Empire City" of the West, to witness a half mile running match between two well known nags, (out this way) and a trot of mile heats, 3 in 5. The less said about it, however, I think the better, as I hear the "run" was a sell, (which goes to show that St. Paul has already some of the "York" dodges) and as for the trot, though of course one nag won, and the other did'nt, yet as no time was taken (perhaps on account of their not making "any time," as the saying is) I shall not take particular pains to record the "great performances." If any one, however, doubts the fact of their being any fast nags out here; (and will back his doubts to the tune of $500,) let him call at the Empire Saloon (where by the way, they can find a full supply of all sorts of game, ready for a "fry" at the shortest notice) and inquire for "Mac," and I've no doubt but what they may find out that the "elephant" has even rambled out as far as here—I don't mean to hint, however, that the St. Paulers are able to "take down" the "Yorkers," for it would scarcely be possible that the pupil (and one so young, too,) could take the tutor in (especially such an old one as New York is,) yet I don't see why if fast men come out from the east, that "fast nags" cannot do the same; though, perhaps, the latter might not be willing to appear in public under their original cognomens (for reasons obvious to you and I, at least if to no others.) However, I think I've said enough this time, and in my next will endeavor if possible to tell you of some "doings" worthy of mention. Yours, &c. CHARLEY.

COCKING CHALLENGE.—I will fight a main of five or seven cocks, for $100 or $200 the main. Each to pick his own weights, from 4lb 6oz to 5lbs. Any parties in Philadelphia wishing to accept this challenge can apply to Thos. Wood, Yorkshire House, Front street, below Walnut, Philadelphia, or Lancaster, Reading, or Pottsville. Address Joseph France, Fishersville, Downingtown, Chester Co., Pa.

PERILOUS FEAT.—We are informed that three heroes, James Somerville, Jr., Daniel Carmichael, and Richard J. Robinson, ventured to cross the ice over the Lachine Rapids to the "Devil's Island." These three pioneers can say that they were the first and only men that ever walked over the above mentioned rapids. Such a circumstance did not fail to excite the admiration of every spectator.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

HARK YE, CORRESPONDENTS!

WHOEVER has been in the habit of consulting the newspapers or magazines devoted to sporting subjects cannot fail to have noticed the avidity with which correspondents reply to every turn of expression employed in their controversies, and how frequently the most impartial and well-balanced language experienced editors can contrive fails to satisfy the "anxious inquirer" after truth in the great field of nature. This is not to be viewed as any fault, but rather a merit, for the true lover of natural philosophy will always be asking questions in such a sublime school. All we wish to impress upon the minds of readers is the fact that patience and charity should accompany our sincerity. This point once understood, send along your correspondence.

What a number of "scathing epistles" have appeared in "Bell's Life," on the subject of salmon spawning! And yet the writers of them were gentlemen who well knew how to drown a salmon with all the honors of sparkling hospitality. But, the best joke of all was that there never had been any material cause of dispute. All the controversy was created by the modes of expression employed.

In the London "Era," such *questio vexata* as the rate of handicapping in weight-for-age races, the relation of pantomimes to dramatic performances, the way to cut sails for a successful yacht, which chess player may claim supremacy, and what not, make us acquainted with some of the most agreeable and instructive correspondence ever seen.

Then "The Field" has a very amusing party of "talkifiers." It is impossible to read their communications without aiding our study of natural philosophy and increasing our love of nature. The old subjects of dispute about vaccinating dogs to prevent distemper, and whether distemper should be ranked with hydrophobia as a disease, remain just as "fresh" for controversy as ever they were.

In our own paper, one of the most instructive as well as amusing controversies ever carried on was that between "White Hackle" and "The Old Sergeant Cock," when they made the "feathers fly" on the subject of game fowls.

Usually when correspondents speak for themselves, we prefer to let them argue their own fashion. When we reply to correspondents, we answer the questions proposed literally, according to the language employed by the questioner, without regard to *probabilities*, which we are not obliged to suppose, and might only do harm if we did.

BUSINESS USEFULNESS.

A SINGULAR prejudice is fostered by the short-sighted unfairness of those who so piously roll up their eyes at what they are pleased to call "sporting papers." These parties persist in supposing that sporting alone is the object to be attained, just as if nations made war only for the pleasure of killing or destroying. They purposely and wilfully shut their eyes to the heading of our editorials and the general spirit of our remarks, which are well known by sensible people to be in favor of "Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!" for the sake of the health and usefulness thus attained.

When we look around and see the large number of persons, of either sex, who are suffering from too great devotion to business or idleness, some idea may then be formed of the large field we have for the operation of our doctrines of activity. Sound and practical advice such persons need and must have, or be content to pass the downward drag of a useless life, leaving neither marks of merit nor tokens of affectionate remembrance. This is too true. We need not enlarge upon such a painful topic. Our doctrines teach cheerful enjoyment. That sort of resignation which comes with a changed heart can only come from a higher Power. We can only deal with the practical and the material, and we therefore say "Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!"

It will not do for our opponents to persist in their senseless assertion that all sporting men are dangerous characters, and that only the "lowest of the low" are concerned in sporting affairs. This is very much like jumping to the conclusion that because a man happens to have on a red shirt he must be a fireman, and, if a fireman, therefore a dangerous character. Such assumptions do not look well by the side of the practical good sense of our population, because the falsity of the assumption is well known. The day or the night may not be far off when the presence of our gallant firemen might be welcomed by such slanderers as their only safety in the time of imminent danger, and we should then be able to see more plainly which is the most dangerous character in society—the man qualified by activity for business usefulness, or the slanderous spider sitting in the web of his own stupidity, content with negatives, and black blooded with idleness.

MANAGERIAL STUMBLING BLOCKS.

SCARCELY any person ever had a little theatrical experience on the green-room side of the green curtain, but what must have observed, more or less, how the majority of persons whom accident has made managers, contrive to repress all proper ambition on the part of performers. Manager Strut may be only four feet high, as the Irish song says, but he may, nevertheless, be a decided stumbling block in the way of artistic improvement. We have not hesitated to express our opinion of such managers, and shall continue to call public attention to the mischief they make, for the cultivation of talent or the fostering of merit are about the very last things they would ever dream of. Many instances might be mentioned by names and dates, but we forbear giving particulars out of our regard for the general welfare of a profession which we have always respected and shall ever admire.

The "starring system" has been a fertile source of much of this wrong doing, but most of its practical iniquity is caused by the selfish greediness of managers. That sort of discernment which would enable them to discover merit is a very rare quality among our modern managers, who are generally men of that peculiar kind of venturesome recklessness which belongs to minds neither overloaded with poetic justice nor pecuniary obligation.

If this fashion of doing business was confined to the circle of their own operations we should not care enough about it to make any notice in print. But, the position of a manager is very important in society; and, when obtained unworthily (by some mere accident during the shuffle-and-cut of theatrical speculation) the consequences are very disastrous among the rising members of the profession. One or two favorites, of either sex, are generally retained within the confidence of the manager, for certain reasons; all others are kept in such a state of selfish subserviency that if they should happen to "get a hand" (as the technical phrase is when applause is given) the displeasure of the manager and his clique is sure to follow. This is a hindrance which the enthusiastic young aspirants had not calculated upon; and, when once discouraged, they fall an easy prey to the old routine of managerial dollar-and-cent stupidity.

CRICKETING CAREER OF LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK.

THIS much respected member of the aristocracy of England, the most celebrated cricketer of his day, and one of the most liberal supporters of the game, died April 22, 1850. He was third son of Aubrey, 5th Duke of St. Albans, and was a clergyman.

He first came into notice at Cambridge, and was one of the Eleven's best bowlers; Col. Allen, formerly M. P. for Pembroke, being the other. His lordship was not then considered a good bat. In 1795, he first played at Lord's as a bowler. The next year, by dint of great exertion and perseverance, he improved much in batting, and began to play in the best matches, getting his share of runs. From his good play and influence he became a sort of autocrat at Lord's Ground. His bowling was very slow, but accurate, and he had a peculiar rise in his ball, no twist, but a sudden leap up, very straight from the ground; this his lordship lost in after years as he got old, but his precision he retained to the last. His batting was very fine, and supposed to be the most elegant style ever seen. He had a splendid cut; from his making himself up for that hit, his weak point was naturally a shooter. He used to consider a good shooter, on first going in, a fair excuse for being bowled out. He never quite understood the different play required for round arm bowling, as he never distinguished it from throwing; but he was to the last wonderfully quick in seeing the faults in play, and placing the field for a man. He had a great knowledge of the game, and was known to be one of the best generals.

The following will give some idea of his achievements with the bat, evidently the most extraordinary in the annals of cricket:—The first match recorded of him is in 1791, since which time, up to 1826, he played in 177 matches, 323 innings, scored 7763 runs; average 24, and 35 over; highest score in a match, 197; highest in an innings, 129, and *not out*; he scored more than 100 in an innings at seven different times, and over 50 as many as forty-two times; not out, twenty-five times. These figures are sufficient, without any further comment, to stamp him as one of the finest batsmen that ever lived.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND, LONDON.

This ground is celebrated from its being chosen as the site on which the major part of the grand matches of England are played, as well as the encouragement given to players, whether amateur or professional; and also from the fact of its being the head quarters of the celebrated Marylebone Club, to whom we are indebted for the rules and regulations for governing the game.

It is now situate in St. John's Wood Road, Marylebone, but was originally upon the site of Dorset Square, New Road; the proprietor, from whom it takes its name, being Lord. He was once servant to the Earl of Winchelsea, the renowned cricketer of the olden time. The extent of the ground is eight acres. After this ground had for many years (since 1787) been the scene of the finest matches of the day, Mr. Lord retired, and Mr. Ward bought his lease. In 1836, Mr. J. H. Dark purchased Mr. Ward's interest, and became proprietor of perhaps the most celebrated sporting establishment in the world. Besides the cricket ground, there are attached a racket court, a tennis court, and two splendid billiard saloons. There is also a race course round it, on which (except when grand matches are played) some spirited races take place. Great attention has been paid to the turfing, draining, and laying out of the ground, it being almost as level as a billiard table, and can be played on at all times of the year. There are ten professionals engaged to attend on the Marylebone Club, and six boys for scouts. This club consists of 600 members, including Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Richmond, and above one hundred other influential gentlemen, who give the game their very liberal support, and encourage it and its followers throughout the country.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, Feb. 13, 1857.

FRIEND QUEEN—Notwithstanding some grumbling among the agricultural and manufacturing classes, such as usually follows the termination of a war in this country, the progress of sporting is clear and decided. The provincial horse fairs, the formation of new clubs, the arrangements for racing fixtures, the improvement of racing stands and courses, the new yachts building, the encouragement of amateur theatricals, and the general estimation of gymnastic exercises,—all help to show that the heart of the British people is safe this winter, and particularly sound on the (Christmas) goose which allows of a cut-and-come-again renewal of sport.

Among the most active, although in a quiet and brotherly way, are the cricketers. The Marylebone Cricket Club are out already with a pretty full list of engagements, ranging from the 1st of June to the 27th of July. The Surrey County Club is also on hand with matches ranging from the 18th of May to the 17th of August. One-day matches are also to come off with the following towns—Wimbledon, Dorking, Clapham, Barnes, Southgate, Carshalton, Surbiton, and Reigate. By the time the Marylebone Club has its Club Dinner in May, all the movements for 1857 in the United Kingdom will be made known. The idea of a match with the United States seems to have been abandoned on account of the gross ignorance which prevails here in regard to everything American. If you should think this statement unpalatable on account of its truth, please exercise your editorial supervision and black ball me out.—[Let 'er rip'—ED. CLIP.]

That there is such a thing as a sporting conscience may be inferred from the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has lately received a Bank of England note for £100 from some individual signing himself "One who in his younger days has frequently shot without a license."

The shooting in Scotland turned out better than at first reported by the grumbling grouse shooters, but the West of Ireland is undoubtedly far superior, and the salmon fishing in the Tay is certainly excelled by that in the Ballinahinch. I expect Ireland will attract more attention than ever from sportsmen as well as capitalists this next year.

Before expatiating on further particulars in relation to the Spring handicaps, I will now complete the monthly summaries of turf operations in 1856, having already sent you those of the first eight months of that year, accompanied by general comparisons with the corresponding months in 1855, and which I hope you found interesting as reliable statistics. There are but three months to account for, as December is no month for racing in this part of the world:—

SEPTEMBER.

	Days.	Stakes.	Horses.	Money.
Eccles	3	10	27	£209
Warwick	3	20	109	2765*
Woodford	1	3	12	46
Wilmslow	3	7	24	110
Totnes	2	5	18	110
Hull	2	8	31	202
Derby	2	10	50	1091
Dover	1	6	24	202
Barnet	1	2	8	26
Sunderland	2	8	32	422
Cheadle (Stafford)	2	4	13	†
Lichfield	2	8	19	505
Weymouth	2	8	32	412
Tiverton	2	8	32	226
Swansea	2	7	23	319
Rochester	2	9	46	485
Lincoln	2	12	51	804
Doncaster	4	30	244	11,434
Bungay	1	4	14	58
Tenby	1	3	13	101
Brecon	1	3	11	101‡
Dulverton	1	4	16	63
Pain's Lane	2	4	12	79§
Pontefract	2	10	47	640
Belford	1	3	11	52
Beccles	1	8	28	406
Leicester	2	12	59	1165
Lanark	2	9	31	356‖
Walsall	2	9	34	390
Cardiff	2	11	49	681
Manchester	2	11	86	950¶
Stagshaw Bank	1	2	9	40
Newmarket	2	19	85	4749**
Chesterfield	2	8	46	436
Whitehaven	2	8	31	174
Monmouth	2	8	31	412
Total	69	301	1408	£29,212

* In addition to the Warwick Cup, valued at £200. † Amounts not reported officially. ‡ Besides a silver cup. § Besides a silver cup. ‖ Besides the ancient silver bells. ¶ Besides a valuable whip. ** Exclusive of the Newmarket Cup.

In September, 1855, there were 28 meetings, lasting 57 racing days, during which time 258 stakes were competed for by 1130 horses, and the value of the prizes amounted to £28,777.

OCTOBER.

Northallerton	2	10	54	763
Felton	1	3	15	47
Chester	2	10	47	1365
Caledonian Hunt	3	15	64	1046*
Richmond	2	10	32	545
Wrexham	2	8	31	499
Bedford	2	10	51	964
Yorkshire U. H.	1	5	22	379
Newmarket S. O.	4	34	226	7906
Morpeth	1	3	11	†
Perth	2	8	27	358
Warwick	2	10	53	1106
Kelso	2	10	70	1146
Newmarket Hunt	6	47	385	8820
Aberystwith	2	3	7	81
Total	34	186	1095	£25,025

* In addition to a valuable whip. † Amount not reported officially.

During October, 1855, there were 14 meetings, extending over 33 racing days, and 185 stakes were competed for by 1063 horses, the prizes amounting to £21,271.

NOVEMBER.

Worcester	1	6	53	749
Tarporley Hunt	1	3	12	65*
Wenlock	1	5	28	194
Liverpool	3	15	127	2130†
Hoylake	2	10	42	510‡
Shrewsbury	3	20	163	2358
Ludlow	1	7	45	314
Total	12	66	470	£6820

* In addition to the Farmers' Cup. † Besides a cup, valued at £200. ‡ Besides a valuable whip.

During November, 1855, there were 6 meetings, being 9 racing days, during which 50 stakes were competed for by 425 horses, the prizes amounting to £4000.

RECAPITULATION FOR 1856.

	Meetings.	Days.	Stakes.	Horses.	Money.
January	1	1	3	17	£171
February	4	6	22	131	1,805
March	9	16	77	491	8,836
April	10	24	139	740	27,852
May	15	30	156	1009	28,981
June	13	22	118	794	18,767
July	21	38	191	993	28,172
August	23	44	229	1152	24,123
September	36	69	301	1408	29,012
October	15	34	186	1095	25,025
November	7	12	66	470	6,120
Total	154	296	1488	8300	£198,864

During the year 1855 there were 151 meetings, 295 racing days, 1463 stakes, and 7781 runners. The prizes in money (not counting cups or other extras) amounted to £201,041. Thus you will be able to compare any of the twelve months in either of the two years.

Hunting now forms the principal feature among the devotees of horse talk. The weather is favorable, and will make the mud fly. But the curlers are very much disappointed that their National Curling Match at Carsebreck, near Perth, has to be postponed. 1920 players are already entered, and 240 rinks are bespoken, so that if ever we do get some more ice there will be the greatest curling match ever known.

Speaking of hunts, the new Prince of Wales promises to be one of the dare-devil dashers. He has been out three times with the royal harriers, and his horsemanship shows the stock he is from. The most bitter enemies of the royal family do not doubt the courage of the Guelphs.

You will see how the death of such a sportsman as the Duke of Rutland is viewed by the English people. The Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Harewood are on horseback again, quite recovered. Do you know such a horse as "Darkie?"

LEATHERSTOCKING.

GOOD JOKE.—A certain merchant of this city wagered another merchant that he could beat him a rub, best three in five, at euchre. The game was played yesterday, and first merchant lost. The wager was, that the merchant who lost was to black the other merchant's boots for the term of a week. Second merchant is determined to hold first merchant to his agreement.—*Stockton (Cal.) Republican.*

BOAT RACING IN TIMES PAST.

MANY of our readers will no doubt be interested in the perusal of the following account of a regatta which took place off the Battery, some years since, when the American Institute held their exhibitions in Castle Garden, and gave encouragement to boat builders and oarsmen by offering prizes, &c.:

THE "FAIR" REGATTA.—The Castle Garden, from an early hour on Saturday, was crowded to excess by anxious groups of spectators, who flocked forward to witness the festivities, announced by the advertisements of the day, in relation to the regatta. The day was extremely warm, and scarcely a breath of air was felt—so that the yacht race, which was advertised to take place, could not come off. The "Rosas," a light craft, made her appearance in the offing, and there were one or two entries made; but no sailing match took place. The festivities, however, were by no means marred in consequence of this disappointment, attributable to the weather; and the row boats afforded infinite amusement during the day, no less than four or five races having taken place. The advertisements announced the amusements to commence at ten o'clock; but owing to considerable difficulty in arranging the preliminaries, there was no start until after eleven o'clock. About this hour the whole outside gallery that surrounds the Garden, and the entire line along the Battery presented a vast concourse of anxious spectators, amongst whom were many of our fair denizens, who came forward to patronize the proceedings. At a little after 11 o'clock, the gentlemen who were selected to superintend the festivities, consisting of Commodore George C. De Kay, Robert Laurens and W. D. Salter, Esqrs., took their places near the starting point, in front of the lower area of the Garden, when Mr. Laurens hoisted the flag, as a signal for the boats to take their places.

FIRST RACE.—Two well-trimmed row boats were entered for the first start. Prize, a silver medal for the winner, and a diploma for the second—to run from the Battery round Bedlow's Island—5¼ miles.

Boats.	Starting Time.	Running Time.	Observation
1. Monterey	11h. 29m. 30s.	40m. 30s.	
2. Matamoras	" " "	43m. 30s.	Difference 3m.

The length of these boats was—the first, twenty-five feet; the second, twenty-two feet. The start was made in beautiful style, and both crews felt an apparent confidence in success. They shot out in gallant style, amid the anxious gaze of their backers, as bets were held upon the result. They very soon got out of sight, and had to time their strokes, more than once, and slacken their speed, in consequence of an occasional sailing vessel crossing them in their course. They showed much pluck, both crews, all through, and seemed to contest the race with much determination. On rounding the island—at which time when viewed from a glass, they seemed to have had a struggle for the most advantageous position—the heavy tide being in full ebb at the time, compelling them to lay on full steam. They soon, however, rounded the island, and dashed along towards home in gallant style—the Monterey taking the lead, closely pressed upon by the Matamoras. The leading boat swerved here a little, in consequence, it appeared, of a sloop which was anchored in the track; and the Matamoras seemed to take advantage of it by striking in a more direct line for home. The Monterey, however, nobly kept her place, and made a bold dash for the winning point. After a brilliant struggle, the Monterey came in according to time marked as above, performing the distance, which had been estimated at 5¼ miles, in forty minutes and some few seconds, the tide flowing strongly all the time, making her way through strong eddies. The Matamoras came in three minutes after, but gave up when the winner neared the judge's stand, thereby losing about a minute. Both owners displayed much gallantry, and the race afforded considerable amusement.

SECOND RACE.—The next race was between the General Taylor and Rough and Ready, for a silver medal and diploma.

Boats.	Starting Time.	Running Time.	Observation.
1. Gen. Taylor	12h. 18m. 30s.	31m. 30s.	Difference of time 5m.
2. Ro'h & Ready	" " "	36m. 30s.	

These two boats were regularly entered for the start. The George Washington, previous to the race, took her place, she being regularly entered also, but in consequence of the other boats refusing to go with her, the judges allowed the race to go off between the General Taylor and the Rough and Ready. The former boat had been first entered with the Committee, under the name of the Chapman, and then refused to run with the George Washington, the crew of which accused her owner of resorting to the change of name as a trick, in order to avoid a contest. However, the George Washington started with the other two, each of the boats being thirty feet, and well manned. From the start, the race was truly animating; bets to some amount were freely held on the George Washington, who appeared the favorite from the start. After a sharp struggle, the George Washington came in some hundred yards ahead, making the same distance as performed by the boats in the former race, 5¼ miles, in precisely 29 minutes, being 2 min. 30 sec. ahead of the General Taylor.

THIRD RACE.—The third race was a race against time, by the George Washington. She started at four o'clock, and made the same distance in precisely 29 minutes. The steward entered the name of her crew upon the minutes as follows: Francis D. Bigelow, Stephen Roberts, Edward Cadey, and Charles Thomas. Builder, John Letts. She is a superb model, and skimmed the water like an eel.

FOURTH RACE.—This was a sculling match between the

1. Whitehall, and
2. Henry Clay; for a medal and diploma.

The Whitehall came in the winner, in thirty-seven minutes, beating her competitor by one minute and thirty seconds. The scullers of the Henry Clay put in some objection as to foul running, which was to be decided by the judges.

FIFTH RACE.—This was a scrub race between four sculling boats, called the Henry Clay, Rough and Ready, Fashion, and "Happy Go Lucky." The latter boat was not regularly entered at the start. The race was less than two miles, around a brig and schooner at anchor in the river. The start took place about 5 o'clock, P. M., and off the competitors went. The "Happy Go Lucky" came in the winner in 13 minutes. During the day several amusing incidents occurred—and a perfect "fleet" of the Whitehall and small sailing craft, as well as the row boats from various parts of the vicinity, flocked to the scene of amusement. There was a row boat upset during the day, and two of the crew were soused in the water, by some wags in one of the boats, which caused much laughter. The two swam ashore in their clothes. In the evening the Garden was crowded, and the whole proceedings of the day, both at the race and the fair, passed off with much eclat.

CHILDHOOD'S TRAINING.—It is not man's *mind* alone that depends upon his childhood's training; his health likewise and strength grow, as it were, out of the actions of his boyish days. In fact, the science of physiology has revealed that, *physically* as well as mentally, "the child is the father of the man;" that long life and vigorous understanding spring alike from the nursery and the *playground*; that youth well spent is the parent of honorable age; yea, that sainted *Wisdom*—the beautiful IDEA who holds in her left hand riches and honor, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, whose every path is peace—is no other than the offspring of a *well trained* child:—[*Hopley's Introductory Lecture on Education.*

PUGILISTIC POETRY.

A WESTERN poet witnessed a pugilistic encounter, which he thus immortalised:

And Isaac he pitched into hym,
And hym pitched into he;
Ye waye they flytte it was a sin
And horrybel to see!

LATEST FOREIGN SPORTING NEWS.

From Bell's Life in London, and Era, Feb. 15, 1857.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB. 17.—Mace and Thorpe—£25 a side, London.
24.—Crutchley and George Lane—£25 a side, London.
MAR. 3.—Alec Andrews and Tom Tyler—£25 a side, London.
3.—Charles Lynch and Young Gilbert—£10 a side, London.
10.—Haseltine and Bos Tyler—£50 a side, London.
APR. 14.—Hatton and Campbell—£20 a side, London.
29.—Cobley and Crockett—£100 a side, London.
MAY 12.—Hayes and Travers—£100 a side, London.

Renewed and Gallant Fight between Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones for £200, and a Bet of £100 a side.

OUR readers who are admirers of the truly national sport of boxing must still have in their minds a vivid impression of the game and protacted struggle between Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones some five weeks back, in which it will doubtless be recollected that the chances were so evenly balanced when darkness came on, as to render the issue a perfect "toss up of a half-penny." On that occasion we went very fully into the history of the men's former doings, and also gave a long and circumstantial account of the combat itself, but we at the same time refrained from offering any remarks or opinions as to the merits of the men, or the probable termination of the mill, from prudential reasons. It will follow, therefore, that on the present occasion, although our labors will be shortened at one end (as regards introductory matter,) we shall find our tag require so much attention as fully to ballance the account at the other.

It may be remembered that almost immediately after the first meeting Sayers offered to add another £100 a side to the stakes, and fight in six or eight weeks, requiring at the same time that, in the event of a refusal on the part of Jones, the referee should name another day the same week. A friend of Aaron's who was present declined to increase the stakes, and urged that as Jones had injured his arm, he should be allowed two months to recover. A long discussion ensued, which ended in an offer by Jones's friend to split the difference and fight in a month, and ultimately Tuesday last was fixed upon. Sayers, determined to make hay while the sun shone, now announced his benefit, which came off at the Chandos-street Rooms, and here both men were present, and of course became objects of extreme curiosity to all, and more especially to those who had missed witnessing the good thing. The day after his benefit Tom returned to his old training quarters at Newmarket, while Jones, with less prudence, remained one more day in order to witness the prowess of Bill Cleghorn, who had been his companion during his training. Immediately after the decision of Cleghorn's match, however, Aaron followed the example of his adversary, and returned to his galloping ground in the neighborhood of Brighton, whither he was on this occasion accompanied by Charley Jenkinson, who, during the first training, had looked after Tom Sayers, but who now, owing to some disagreement, changed sides; and it is due to him to say, as regarded condition, Jones, on Tuesday last, presented a marked improvement upon his former self, having got off a great deal of extra flesh, and reduced himself from about 12st 7lb to 11st 12lb, which, we opine, is his best fighting weight.

Soon after the men had left London, a gentleman, who had backed Jones, called upon us to say that if the friends of Sayers were still of the same mind as to increasing the stakes, he was prepared to add another £100 a side, to be regarded in the light of a bet. The offer was, as our readers know, eagerly accepted by the friends of Tom, and the money staked in our hands. This fact displayed so much of confidence on the part of the light-weight division, that Tom immediately became the favorite in the betting, and a very large sum was laid out in the course of last week at guineas to pounds. As the day of battle drew near, the interest in the mill became more intense, and, in the absence of racing and steeple chasing, the Turfites of high and low degree—to whom both men are well known—turned their attention to a ring but little frequented by them, and among them the betting ran very high. Tom still had the pull, and, on the night before the fight, 5 to 4 might have been had to almost any amount. The backers of Aaron, however, were very shy at last, and held back for longer odds.

Sayers came to town on Monday, looking better than ever; his cast-iron mug was hard as adamant, and the cheerful smile that played around his whistler betokened no lack of confidence as to the morrow's fray. He went to scale at Dan Dismore's to decide a bet, and was found to be under 10st 10lb. He took up his quarters at Nat Langham's, where, in the course of the evening, he was greeted by an immense concourse of admirers. Jones also returned to head quarters on Monday, and held his *levee* at his backer's house. Both men showed at the joint benefit of Bob Travers and Bill Cleghorn, and were vociferously cheered. Considerable surprise was expressed at the improved appearance of Jones, but still it had no effect in altering the betting. Attempts having been made, without success, to secure a comfortable spot of ancient renown, it was once more found necessary to have recourse to Old Father Thames, in whose comfortable "haven," after a serious disappointment, the affair was settled in a most gratifying manner.

As usual a very early start was made from the metropolis, the muster of Corinthians at the London terminus was such as to remind us strongly of olden times. True there was a marked gap among the ancient well-known patrons of fistic sports, but the infusion of young patrician blood fully compensated for the falling off, and left no cause for uneasiness as to the future. It was indeed a most gratifying sight, as showing that the love of true British boxing is by no means extinct among Englishmen, and that we may still look forward with hope to a renewal of what have been justly called the palmly days of the ring. As we have over and over again said, it only depends on the men themselves, and if they will but exert their strength to secure the comfort of the "gentlemen" at the different contests, no matter whether they know them or not, the day is sure to come when they will find their reward, and backers will still be as plenteous as they were in days of yore. Tuesday's business was a pleasing contrast to any recent mills, and as far as we were able to judge, the ring-keepers, one and all, exerted themselves to the utmost, and were ably assisted by many, who although not entitled to any payment, still did their best to preserve order. Among these stood conspicuous was the well-known Billy Duncan, whom we have invariably had the pleasure of praising for his exertions in the good cause.

The expedition sailed from Tilbury against the young flood before ten o'clock, and a descent was made at twelve upon the land of a good-tempered beak, who happened to be coursing there at the time, and who naturally felt bound to interfere when the evil doers (?) shoved themselves under his nose. He said he could not permit an infringement of the Queen's peace in his bailiwick, and it was therefore necessary at once to re-embark. It was extremely annoying, after wading through some yards of thick, slimy mud, to have to retrace one's steps, but all took it good humoredly, and "over the water" was the burden of every one's song. As a matter of course much time was thus cut to waste, but still the commissary and his *posse comitatus* exerted themselves with such zeal that by half-past one the ring was pitched, and very soon after, the men, who had performed their toilettes on board, hailed their beavers into the arena. Tom was attended by the Stunted Life Guardsman and Bill Hayes, Jemmy Welsh affording useful advice in the corner, and Aaron had the assistance of Jack Hicks and a renowned sporting boniface, while the accomplished Jack Macdonald, formerly the prince of seconds, presided over his water bottle, and rendered most valuable aid in the corner. All was now intense excitement, and the spectators, to the number of about 1,000, were all eager to get a peep at the heroes. The speculative fraternity seemed to have exhausted their stores, as the amount laid on the ground was unusually small. Everything being in readiness, "All out" was shouted by the commissary, the inner-ring company, whose investments realised to the Association £18, took their seats, and at two o'clock precisely the usual shaking took place, "time" was called, and in a dead silence business commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toeing the scratch the condition of both men struck the spectators with admiration. In our opinion it was perfect on both sides, but the development of muscle was decidedly in favor of Sayers, who is better ribbed up, and has his thews and sinews laid on in the right place. He looked brown, wiry, and healthy, and for a middle weight seemed wonderfully big. Jones, who is of fairer complexion, was altogether more delicate in appearance than Sayers, and although so much taller, heavier, and longer, did not loom out so much larger as might be expected. He is a fine made, muscular young fellow, but still there is an appearance about him which at once leads to the conclusion that his stamina is scarcely fitted for the wear and tear of gladiatorial encounters. He is, as our readers know, about 26 years of age, and in height is over 5ft 11in, while Tom Sayers is 31, and is little more than 5ft 8in. It was soon seen that Sayers intended to pursue different tactics to those he adopted on the previous occasion. He dodged about for a few seconds, and then let go his left and right with great quickness, but Jones stopped him neatly, and in getting back fell.

2. Tom came up smiling, feinted with his left, and then tried his favorite double; the first hit was stopped, but the second caught Aaron on the chin. This he repeated, and got away without a return. After trying his double once more without success he planted his left very heavily on the mark. Jones at once went to close quarters, and some quick in-fighting took place in favor of Sayers, who got well on to Aaron's snuff-box with his left, drawing first blood. Jones got on the left side of Tom's nut, but not heavily, and at length both fell.

3. Both quick to the call of time, and Sayers at once went to work with his left, Jones countering him heavily, each getting it on the forehead. Tom then popped his left on the mark, and Aaron returned, but not heavily, on the smeller. Tom now again planted the left on the mark, and was stopped in a second effort. Heavy exchanges next took place, Tom once more drawing the cork from a cut on Aaron's sniffer, and receiving on the left lug. After a few dodges Tom again approached, and made a heavy call on Aaron's bread-basket, and then planted a stinger between the peepers, and got away laughing. He attempted to repeat the dose, but was stopped. Another effort was more successful, and dropped on the mark, staggering Jones, who, however, recovered himself and popped his left on the chest, and then on the left cheek, but not heavily. Sparring until Tom got within distance and shot out his left heavily on the proboscis, without a return, Jones being a little wild. Tom now essayed his double, but Jones got away and returned on the kisser. Tom persevered, and napped a little-un on the left squinter for his pains; still he would be at work, and got well on Aaron's left peeper, drawing the ruby. Heavy exchanges followed, Jones getting on Tom's left brow, and Tom turning on the home-brewed from Aaron's conk. After two or three slight exchanges in favor of Sayers, he again put the double on, reaching the left cheek and bread-basket. Next he popped another hot one on the victualing department, receiving a slight return on the forehead. After a break away he stole in, and bang went his left on Aaron's damaged ogle, drawing more of the ruby. A merry little rally followed in favor of Sayers, who at length broke away, and sparred as if blown from his fast fighting. Jones approached to take advantage of this, when Tom popped him on the brow, and then on the forehead: Jones returned with both hands, but not heavily, on the brow and body, and another bustling rally came off, Tom getting home on the left ogle and throat heavily, and Aaron on the larboard cheek. Another break away, and Tom on getting himself together resumed the double and got on the mark very heavily, and then popped his right on the left side of Aaron's nut; he got away laughing, and as Jones tried to follow him up he warned him off by a pop on the left peeper. A heavy rally at last took place, in which Jones got sharply on the left ear, and Sayers on the left peeper, and this protracted and well fought round was concluded by Tom slipping down.

4. Sayers, on coming up, showed a mark on his forehead, and another on his left ear, while Aaron's left peeper and conk were much out of the perpendicular. Tom lost no time in going to work and planted his one-two, the left on Aaron's right peeper, and the right on the left jaw, knocking Aaron off his pins. [First knock down for Sayers.] Jones seemed all abroad, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was got round to the call of time.

5. Sayers at once went in left and right, but he was too anxious to finish his handiwork, and the blows lacked precision. He reached the side of Aaron's nut, and Jones returned slightly on the same spot, and after mild exchanges both fell. This gave Jones time to get round, and by the commencement of the next round, he had shaken off the nasty one he got in the fourth.

6. Tom tried his double, but missed, and Jones rushed in to close, when Tom caught him round the neck and punched him heavily on the left peeper and nozzle, drawing more of the ruby. In the end both fell, Sayers under.

7. Aaron came up with his left peeper all but closed. Tom let go his left, but Jones returned on the beak; Tom tried again and got on the ribs; Jones returned merrily left and right, but did little damage, and Tom fell in his corner.

8. Jones dashed in and pegged away with both mawleys on the left side of Tom's knowledge box; Tom returned on the left brow and closed, when both fell, Tom under.

9. Jones again dashed in, and some sharp in-fighting took place, followed by a close, in which both fell, Jones this time being underneath.

10. Tom's dial seemed flushed, but his ogles were still uninjured. Jones rattled in to close, some quick fibbing took place, followed by a long struggle for the fall, which Sayers got and fell on his man. In drawing his legs away, he brought one foot in smart contact with Aaron's leg, which was claimed as a foul kick, but disallowed by the referee, being evidently accidental.

11. Jones again took the initiative, and let go both hands on Tom's forehead, and then his left on the nose. Tom returned on the left squinter, and then a squasher on the mark. Exchanges, and Sayers fell, evidently fatigued by his fast fighting.

12. Jones persevered in his forcing system, and got on the left side of Tom's cranium, Tom returning very heavily on the snout. Jones again went in, and planted his left under the left optic, closed, and both fell, Tom under.

13. Jones rushed at Tom, and pegged away at him in his corner. It was a rambling, scrambling round, and both fell, no mischief being done.

14. Jones again led off, but Tom propped him well on the left eye, and Aaron fell on his face.

15. Good exchanges on the left cheek, after which Jones got well on Tom's throat, closed, and both were down.

16. Jones dashed at Tom, popped in his left and right on the frontispiece and sneezer, and bored Tom through the ropes.

17. Jones again opened the ball, got on to Tom's left ear, closed, and both down.

18. Aaron led off on Tom's snout; Tom returned on the left peeper very heavily, and Aaron fell.

19. Tom resumed the initiative, and reached Aaron's nose—by his favorite double. Jones returned, but not heavily, on the forehead; after which, Tom cross-countered him prettily on the left peeper, and this led to exchanges in favor of Jones, when Sayers fell.

20. Both quick to work; good exchanges, and in the end Jones floored Tom by a heavy right-hander on the jaw. [Loud cheers for Jones.]

21. Jones, elated, rushed in, but Tom steadied him by a straight-un on the left cheek, and Jones dropped.

22. Aaron missed both hands, and after some sparring Tom caught him heavily on the left ogle, and Jones dropped; Sayers also fell.

23. Tom, who seemed getting fresh wind, rattled in, and planted his double on the nose and mouth. Jones rushed at him, and in the scramble Sayers was bored over.

24. Tom popped a left-hander on the "grubbery," received a little one on the nose, and fell.

25. Heavy exchanges, Sayers on the left eye, and Aaron on the snout. Jones slipped down.

26. Jones led off with both hands, but not heavily, and Tom returned severely on the nose and left eye, which was now quite closed. Jones fell.

27. Jones rushed to close quarters, and, after a brief struggle fell.

28. Tom feinted, and popped his left twice on Aaron's damaged peeper. Jones returned on the mouth, and Tom fell.

29. Jones went to work, catching Tom over the right eye, and Sayers, in getting back, fell.

30. Both went to work with good will, and, after sharp exchanges, in favor of Sayers, Jones got down.

31. Aaron tried to lead off, but was well stopped, and Tom returned on the mark. He next popped his left on the left cheek, and in getting away slipped down, just escaping a heavy upper-cut.

32. Tom feinted, and then got well on to Aaron's nozzle with his left, and retreated, Aaron pursuing him. At length they got close, and Tom sent in a stiffener on the scent-box, receiving a right-hander on the left lug, which opened a cut received in their former fight, and both fell.

33. Tom again seemed tired, and sparred for wind. Jones came to him, when Tom let go his left on the jaw, closed, and both fell.

34. Tom slowest to time. He tried his left, but was stopped. Aaron closed, and Tom fibbed him on the left eye as they fell.

35. After a little dodging, they got close, and heavy counters were exchanged. They now closed, and as they fell, Tom again put a little one on Aaron's left eye.

36. A close and struggle, when both fell, Jones under.

37. Tom led off, but was stopped, and after a wild scramble, Tom fell. [One hour and five minutes had now elapsed.]

38. Jones dashed in, but Tom steadied him by a left-hander on the left cheek, and Aaron got down.

39. Jones still first let go left and right on the mouth and left cheek. Tom returned on the blind eye, and got down.

40. Jones let go his left, but missed. Slight exchanges to a close, and both down.

41. Jones, on the forcing system, planted his left on the jaw and then on the left ear, and as he was pursuing his man he fell on his face.

42. Jones missed his left. Tom returned open-handed on the back, and Jones dropped.

43. Jones dashed to a close at the ropes, where they pegged away smartly but ineffectually until they fell.

44. Tom got home on the left jaw. Aaron missed both hands, and fell.

45. Jones went to work, but without precision, and, as Tom retreated, Jones fell on his face. It was clear that Tom was carefully nursing himself, while Jones, feeling that both his ogles were going, was forcing the fighting, in order to tire out his opponent before he became blind.

46. Jones rattled in and caught Tom on the left cheek, but not heavily. Tom returned on the left peeper, drawing more claret, and Jones dropped.

47. Aaron, in his anxiety, missed both mawleys, and Tom caught him a heavy right-hander on the proboscis, whereupon Jones dropped.

48. Jones went to his man, who nailed him on the left ogle, and, as Jones persevered, he caught him heavily on the throat, and Jones fell.

49. Tom tried to lead off, but was short, and Jones returned heavily on the ribs with his right. He then attempted to close, but on Sayers catching hold of him he fell.

50. Tom tried his double, but Jones stopped him, and in getting away slipped down.

51. Slight exchanges; Jones on the mouth and Tom on the nose, and Jones down.

52. Jones led off and was neatly stopped. Tom missed his return, and Jones fell forward.

53. Tom led off and got on Aaron's blind eye. Jones returned very slightly on the nose, and fell.

54. Tom planted his left heavily on the mark, which led to mutual exchanges, and Jones fell.

55. Tom feinted and popped both hands slightly on Aaron's good eye, which began to tell tales. Jones returned on the left ear, but it was too long a shot to do damage, and Sayers fell.

56. Aaron opened the ball, and planted his left and right on the nose and ear twice in succession. He then rushed in, when Tom stopped him by a straight one on the blind goggle, drawing more cochineal, and Jones down.

57. Jones again went to work, but Tom was too quick on his pins, and got out of harm's way. Sayers missed his return, and Jones fell.

58. Tom, still on the nursing system, kept himself quiet, waiting for the attack. Jones went in, but Tom stopped back; slight exchanges ensued, and Jones down.

59. Jones let go his left; Tom ducked his nut, and the blow went over, when Jones fell. [A claim of foul that Jones fell without a blow. The referee said "fight on."]

60. Jones popped his left on the chest; Tom returned on the left cheek, and Jones fell. [One hour and a half had now elapsed.]

61. Jones, still first to begin, got on Tom's nose, and fell, Tom falling over him.

62. Jones planted his left very slightly on the side of Tom's nob; Tom just touched him on the smeller in return, and Jones down again.

63. Jones rushed in, caught Tom on the chin, and Tom fell. The blow was not very heavy.

64. Jones missed both hands, got a little one on the side of his nut, and fell.

65. Jones got home, left and right, heavily on the ribs; Tom retaliated on the mark, and Jones down.

66. Jones let go his left, but Tom avoided the force of the blow by stepping back. He returned on the neck, and Jones got down.

67 to 71. In all these rounds Jones led off, but did no mischief, from Tom's quickness on his pins, and in each Jones was down.

72. Tom still waiting and resting himself; Jones came in and planted his right on the ribs. Tom returned on the right ogle, but not heavily, and Jones down, his right eye going fast. Sayers, though much tired, had both eyes well open, and his face presented no very serious marks of punishment.

73. Heavy exchanges, and Jones fell on his face.

74. Jones tried to lead off, but was stopped. Counter-hits, Sayers on the nose, and Jones on the cheek, and Jones fell.

75. Heavy exchanges, in favor of Sayers, and Jones down.

76. Jones, who saw he must do it quickly or not at all, dashed in recklessly, but was stopped. Tom popped a little one on the nose, and Jones down.

77. Jones was again stopped, and Tom got well on to his good eye, and Jones fell.

78. Sayers stopped Aaron's rush, and again got on to his good peeper. Jones instantly fell on his knees.

79. Aaron delivered his left on the nose, and, in trying to repeat it, fell on his face. [Another claim that he had fallen without a blow not allowed.]

80. Heavy exchanges, Tom getting again on Aaron's good peeper, which was now all but up, and Jones down.

81. Jones led off, but wofully out of distance, and fell forward.

82. Exchanges, in favor of Sayers, and Jones down, weak.

83. Tom, who saw his time had arrived, went in, planted his favorite double on Aaron's good peeper, and Jones fell.

84. After a little fiddling, Tom crept close again, dashed out his left on the good eye, and then on the cheek, and Jones down.

85, and last. Jones made a last effort, was easily stopped, and as he turned round Tom caught him with his right a terrific half-arm hit on the right eye, and knocked him off his pins. It was evidently a finisher. Poor Aaron's nob fell forward, and it was at once apparent that his remaining daylight was closed, and his seconds seeing this, of course threw up the sponge, Tom being proclaimed the winner, after a gallant battle of exactly *two hours*. Sayers at once went to shake hands with his brave antagonist, and then repaired on board the vessel, whither he was soon followed by Jones, whose damaged peeper was at once looked to by a medical friend. The poor fellow was very severely punished, but he did not seem to feel this so acutely as he did the bitter disappointment of having to play second fiddle to one so much smaller than himself. The expedition quickly got under weigh, and all reached the metropolis by nine o'clock. As soon as Sayers was dressed he went round among his fellow passengers and made a collection for his fallen antagonist, which reached the sum of £8. This, doubtless, will be largely added to when the money is given up, which ceremony is to take place at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle-street, Leicester-square, on Friday next. The backers of Sayers are large winners, and we doubt not will be too happy to contribute handsomely towards consoling their opponent under his adversity. On arriving in town, Sayers proceeded to Nat Langham's, where he was received with shouts of welcome. Beyond fatigue, and a few trifling bruises on his forehead and nose, he was unscathed, and he certainly could scarcely be said to have a black eye.

REMARKS.

We have little doubt that many of our readers will have anticipated the remarks which we feel called upon to make respecting the two game encounters between these men. On the first occasion it was obvious that Sayers felt he had a great undertaking before him, and he was therefore naturally cautious in the outset not to throw a chance away which might at once put the victory beyond his reach. Jones was known to be a very heavy hitter with his right, as was proved by the severe punishment he dealt out to Tom Paddock in both their mills. Sayers accordingly "played possum," and in the first few rounds allowed him to take the initiative, in order that he might measure his powers carefully before he exposed himself to danger. Tom proved himself extremely quick on his pins, and by his agility he, to a certain extent, neutralized the effects of Jones's severe lunges. True, he got hit occasionally with effect, as witness the cut over his left eye, and also on his left ear. Jones, to his surprise, found before him a man clearly his superior at outfighting, and one too, as he soon discovered, but little his inferior in bodily strength. For the first hour and a half, it will be recollected, he had apparently the advantage, Sayers suffering severely from cramp, and having to depend principally on his legs to keep him out of harm's way; but after this he gradually recovered, and Jones, as was the case in his fights with Paddock, after the said hour and a half, gradually fell off, and became languid in his exertions. Tom, of course, improved the occasion, and showed such superiority in hitting that many thought he would have won with the greatest certainly had not darkness come on. We must confess that, although we did not say so at the time, we entertained a similar opinion, and we at the same time thought that the darkness was in other respects an unfortunate circumstance for Sayers, believing as we did, that Jones, profiting by experience, would at the next meeting have resorted to a different system of milling, and by at once going to close quarters, have reduced his adversary to such a state in a few rounds as to render victory certain. It seemed to us that this would have been his game in the first fight, instead of trusting to long shots, at which he found Sayers as good as himself, and we, in common with others, were fully prepared to see him adopt the system of Tuesday last. There is no harm now in making known our opinion that Aaron's performances on the first occasion disappointed us not a little. We all along thought Sayers had overmatched himself, and it was not until the conclusion of the first round that we changed our mind. Many shared our belief that the man who could maul the game and resolute Paddock as Jones had done, must prove too much for an antagonist so inferior in size and weight as Sayers, and many blamed the latter for his presumption. Among this latter class we do not number ourselves, for it is our practice never to blame a man for soaring at high game, when he really feels confidence in his own powers. Ambition, when kept within bounds, is a praiseworthy quality, and Sayers merely followed the example of other middle weights who had preceded him, in essaying to raise himself to a level when he could not find an antagonist worthy of his fist in his own sphere. How fully he was justified in his confident aspirations the result has proved. On Tuesday last, as may be gathered from our account of the fight, Jones fought even less "judgmatically" than at the first merry meeting. Instead of forcing the fighting at once, as he had expressed his intention of doing, he allowed Sayers to open the ball, and in the very onset to inflict such punishment upon him as to shake the confidence of his friends very materially; and not only did he allow his adversary to take extraordinary liberties with him, but he seemed to have lost his precision in returning, and for some time made not the slightest impression upon Tom's wig block. The exceedingly clever performance of Sayers in the third round, and the apparent impunity with which he got home upon all parts of Aaron's dial, took his own friends by surprise, and the only fear expressed was that he was fighting too fast for a long day, and that the strength and length of his opponent must tell with fearful effect when he became tried. He was cautioned as to this, but request to be allowed to fight his own way, as he knew what suited him best. The blow on Aaron's jaw in the fourth round was very severe, and nearly decided the event, and this we are induced to believe had some effect in stopping his rushes later in the fight, when, had he been capable of continuing the offensive with effect, the result might have been very serious to Tom, who for a long period was exceedingly fatigued, and had to nurse himself in the most careful manner in order to bring himself through. The improvement he (Sayers) displayed in every way, since his last match, was extraordinary. His system of leading off is almost perfect, and his quickness on his legs would have delighted the late Mr. John Johnson, whose opinion on the subject of this qualification is well known. He had little recourse to stopping, trusting to his activity to keep him out of harm's way, and the success with which his manœuvring was attended was proved by the fact that he had scarcely a black eye, and, beyond exhaustion, had nothing to complain of. In addition to his quickness in defence, he seems also to have acquired greater facility in pursuing the offensive, and the weight with which many of his blows fell upon his opponent proved that his hitting was as effective as that of most 12st men. As usual, he stood up in the gamest, most resolute manner, and faced his adversary throughout with the utmost good humor, but, at the same time, with determination. By many it was expected he would have adopted the dropping system, as he had done with Poulson, but we were delighted to perceive that on neither occasion did such a notion enter his head, and indeed we are told that even with the bold Nottingham man he would not have had recourse to it, had he not been terribly out of condition, and altogether in such a state as to be incapable otherwise of resisting the onslaughts of so powerful an opponent. We understand that Tom has now an intention of looking still higher in the scale for an opponent worthy of his powers, and both Tom Paddock and the Tipton Slasher are talked of as his next antagonists, but that he will first rest on his oars awhile to recover from his recent fatigue. How far this may be true, we know not, but we presume time will show. Of this, however, we are confident, that whoever the middle weight champion may next pick out, that worthy must look to his laurels, and leave no stone unturned to get himself fit for the fray, for, big as he may be, he will have a hard day's work before him. At the same time we are sure Tom himself will pardon us for warning him of the perils of too high a flight, and calling to his mind the words of the immortal bard (not Charley Mallett) who says,

"Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap its sell,
And fall on t'other side."

Of Aaron Jones we must say that his exhibition on each day disappointed us, and fell far short of what we expected after his extraordinary encounters with Paddock. True it is that he never once flinched from punishment, and when severely hit persevered in the most manly way to turn the scale in his favor. Not a word can now be said against his character for gameness and gluttony, for both which qualities he had already earned for himself sufficient fame in his passages with Paddock to remove any stigma that his meetings with Orme might have cast upon him, but in other respects we think he has fallen off. There was a want of steadiness and precision in his hitting which we were not prepared to witness, and his right hand on Tuesday last appeared entirely to have forgot its cunning, for only once did he plant a smack likely in any degree to make a change in his favor. Most gamely did he persevere while Sayers was fatigued to force the milling and to wear out his antagonist, but, owing to the great quickness and judgment of Tom, his efforts recoiled upon himself, and being unable to effect any punishment he did but reduce himself below the level of the gallant Tom, and thus fell an easy prey to his superior judgment and tactics. We were sorry to see him resort so constantly to the dropping system, but as it might be in some degree owing to the slippery nature of the ground, we will say no more about it, than to remark that the clumsy way in which he often fell must have tended more to his disadvantage than if he had stood up and battled it out manfully with his adversary. As we have often before observed, and as we now more emphatically state, there appears to be a want of stamina about him, which renders him unfit to undergo the fatigue of a lengthened encounter. He can sometimes make a very excellent fight for an hour and a half, but almost invariably after that time he appears to fall off weak and languid, and to become incapable of anything like extraordinary exertion. We cannot help thinking that the prize ring is not his vocation, and that if he can only get a good situation as gamekeeper, or something of the kind, he will do well to stick to it, as more congenial to his constitution and habits. He is a thorough sportsman in every way; a civil, obliging young fellow, and we have no doubt in this capacity will give satisfaction. We do hope, however, that he will take our advice, and refrain from wooing fortune any further in a circle where he is never likely to make a show beyond mediocrity. He has, by his last few encounters, recovered the imputation of want of pluck, and he may safely retire from the roped arena with credit. We have been informed that early in the fight he injured his hands very severely, and was thus to a great extent prevented from administering punishment. If this be so, it is an additional reason why he should retire from a profession where strong, firm hands form two of the principal necessaries. We doubt not that the result of Tuesday's affray has left it nearly dead low water in his "cly;" but we trust, as we have before observed, that when the money is given to Tom Sayers, he will find friends in the enemy's camp, ready and willing to lend him a helping hand and soften down his disappointment. We are glad to hear that the friends of Tom Sayers who put down the money for him have promised to present him with the whole of the stakes. This is but a fitting tribute to the gallantry and daring of the man.

AARON JONES'S BENEFIT.—We are glad to hear that Jones's friends are so satisfied with his efforts on Tuesday that they have, one and all, paid him for his colors, and not only that, but have engaged the Chandos-street Rooms for him for a benefit, which is to take place on Monday week, when Sayers and he will fight their battle o'er again. We are glad to find that Jones has made up his mind to retire from the Ring.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—MACE AND THORPE, £25 A SIDE.—The whole of the money for this little match was made good at Mr. Bunyan's, Hand-in-Hand, Prince's-street, London-road, Southwark, on Wednesday.

THE SPIDER AND ROBERTS.—Morris Roberts has sent us £5 to make a match with the Spider on his own terms, viz., at 8st 5lbs, for £100 a side, to come off in the middle of June. He will take reasonable expenses to fight in the London ring. The Spider has since called on us to say that, if Roberts will give him the weighing, he will give him £5 to come to London, and that the match may be considered on, provided Roberts consents to our naming the referee, or names a responsible person in the articles, which he can draw and send to the Spider as soon as he pleases.

MADDEN AND BRETTLE.—This match, after all, is come to nothing. Madden will not agree to Brettle's terms, and Brettle will consent to no others, but has requested us to return his deposit, should the match not go on. This will be sent next Wednesday.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WALKING MATCH.—FULLER AND ROGERS.—The match between the two well-known veteran pedestrians, Bob Fuller and Dick Rogers, which had been postponed from Tuesday last, on account of the fight between Jones and Sayers, came off on Thursday, between the 23d and 24th mile-stone on the Slough road, in the presence of a large

concourse of spectators, amongst whom were especially conspicuous several of our gallant countrymen who had survived the dangers and disasters of the Crimean campaign. The distance to be walked was 20 miles, and the stake at issue £25 a side. When the umpires and referees had been selected, Mr. H. Lockwood and Mr. J. Parish filling the last-mentioned office, the pedestrians made their appearance on the ground. Fuller looked remarkably well; Rogers, on the other hand, did not by any means seem to be well up to the mark. Notwithstanding this his friends were confident, and made him a decided favorite, freely laying the odds of 5 to 4. On starting the competitors went away well together, Fuller walking in that fair, even, and graceful style for which he was at all times so justly famed. For the first two or three miles Fuller kept the lead, but feeling unwell in the course of the fourth mile, his opponent gave him the go-bye, and at the completion of that distance was fully a hundred yards ahead of him. Bob, however, seemed shortly to recover himself, and amidst the loud cheers and encouragement of his friends, regained ere long his leading position; and at the termination of the 13th mile was so far in advance of Rogers that the latter gave up the contest, and retired to his carriage to don his toggery, telling the umpires that they might inform Fuller he had given in, and that Fuller need not walk any farther; Bob, however, to make assurance doubly sure, proceeded leisurely on his way until the finish, and was hailed with acclamation on the achieval of his triumph. William Jackson and Charley Jenkinson successfully attended on Fuller; Rogers was waited on by old Roberts. The following is the time in which the first 13 miles were gone over:—First mile 9min. 30sec., second 9min. 35sec., third 9min. 55sec., fourth 9min. 56sec., fifth 10min. 9sec., sixth 10min., seventh 9min. 15sec., eighth 9min. 42sec., ninth 10min. 13sec., tenth 10min. 34sec., eleventh 10min. 18sec., twelfth 11min. 5sec., thirteenth 13min. 12sec. Total, 2h. 13min. 24 sec.

NOVEL WAGER.—On Monday last, Mr. W. Francis, of the Foresters' Arms, Hammersmith, undertook, for a wager of £5, to run a mile without stopping or walking, in a pair of training boots, weighing 14lb, belonging to H. Mitchell (the Lurcher). The match came off on the Harrow-road, near the Cemetery, Kensall Green. At three o'clock Francis made his appearance equipped in the boots, attended by a friend. Betting was 6 to 4 against him; he immediately started off at a pretty good pace, which he kept up for half a mile, when the weight began to tell upon him, and after struggling along for another quarter, he gave in, dead beat, doing three-quarters of a mile in exactly eight minutes. Mr. Francis has again accepted the same wager, for £10 a side, to do it in a fortnight from the present time.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

TOUCHING REMINISCENCE OF KIESERITZKY.—The following sad reminiscence of the great Livonian's last honors, sad, yet so honorable to the heads and hearts of the Paris Chess Club, is on the authority of M. St. Arnant, in a letter to *Bell's Life*:—

"We were informed of Kieseritzky's death at the club, and were told that, as he had left absolutely nothing, he must be buried like the poorest wretch at the cost of the 'Commune,' unless we could raise sufficient funds to provide for decent sepulture. Thereupon a subscription was immediately started; and although from various causes there was little sympathy between the club and M. Kieseritzky living, it is to his fellow members of *'Le Cercle,'* that he was indebted for the mourning pall and bier, the last sad offices the world can bestow. A rather curious circumstance happened immediately after his burial. In the room he occupied prior to entering the hospital, (*'La Charite'*), was a small quantity of furniture, a piano forte, some books, and other articles not known to be his till after death. These being sold by the public officers produced no less than sixteen hundred francs. Kieseritzky left no will; he was a Livonian, a Russian subject, and left no family. The French government, therefore, became his heir and inherited the money. To this the Paris Club put in no claim, but left their subscription a free gift without reserve; accustomed as French players are thus to be called on by their 'professors,' to whom fame has ever been so much dearer than fortune."

A NATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—We believe the lovers of chess in this country are indebted to Mr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, for putting this truly liberal idea into the tangible form of a proposition. It has been seized upon with avidity by every player; and if carried out, will give the cause such an onward impulse among us as a dozen years of plodding could hardly attain. What renders the scheme almost doubly interesting is, that it is proposed to have a contest carried on in both branches of the science, games and problems. We are very much interested in this proposition, which promises so speedily such a giant stride of progress to American Chess; shall keep our readers posted up in its progress; and, in due time, announce ourself an agent for receiving and forwarding subscriptions in furtherance of the object. By all means let the tourney be organized, and the first passage at arms in these gentle contests be tried on the anniversary (day of good omen!) of Philidor's birthday, Sept. 7.

LESSONS IN CHESS.—The Chess Editor of the CLIPPER hereby announces his readiness to give lessons on the theory and practice of Chess, on Monday and Wednesday evenings, at his residence, 174 West 23d st. Young gentlemen designing to join the New York Club, and wishing to be able to make a respectable stand at their *debut* against its strong players, will find this an excellent opportunity to gain the requisite knowledge and practice. The resources of a large chess library are at the service (while present only) of the students. Terms, $5 per quarter.

THE ONE-GAME-MATCH TOURNAMENT.—On our return to the Club we learned that Mr. Fiske had taken Mr. Lichtenhein's place in this tournament. The contest is now narrowed down to two competitors—Messrs. Fiske and Montgomery. This final game we shall endeavor to lay before our readers. Mr. Fiske has won his way to this last match by successively defeating (even) Messrs. Marache and Perrin. This result has astonished the whole Club. Doubtless they made somewhat too light of him, but this young and ardently enthusiastic amateur has risen so rapidly that hereafter our sturdiest veterans; only, will think of giving him so much as Pawn and move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOPEZ AND DE PREFONTAINE.—The correction is made. We take no responsibility in the "Match Games" beyond seeing that the moves *as sent us* are correctly entered.

DELTA, Boston.—Your letter is forwarded. The proposed method of conducting the match accords with our views exactly. No, no! we helped you *into* that other "fizzle," *not out* of it; and felt personally chagrined at the disappointment. You'll see it—some time.

MIDNIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y.—A letter is received from you with problem, but no match move. A letter from "Delta" has no doubt reached you, ere this. We have received the promise of a game from "Stamma."

LOPEZ.—Undoubtedly your opponent may compel you to move your Queen; or, letting her remain, your King. *We* accept your apology and forward the move. Thanks for the skirmish; it shall appear "right speedilie."

M. T. POCQUETTE, Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Your amended diagram came just in the nick of time, as the old copy was about to be put in press.

A. W. FULL, Buffalo.—We uniformly decline acceding to such propositions as your first. We should be very happy to oblige you by inserting your new problem, but it has a fatal flaw; (mate in 2) besides, such an undue disparity of force, with no especial neatness in the position, deprives it of all interest. Can you send us some account of the Club or Chess circle of your city? Remove Q B, and still mate in two moves. Draw future problems on diagrams.

E. Hatch, N. Y.—Be sure to do it—*soon*. Castling with Queen's Rook? not hit the move, this time. See.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—You *have* done your part well. Don't tire. We have been trying privately to secure you some allies. Give us again your private address.

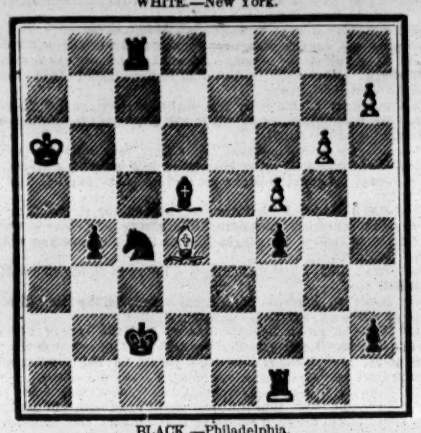
WANKINCO, Wareham, Mass.—Your fine enigma next week. If that is really your "first attempt," and wholly your own, it is exceedingly creditable, and we predict for you, in time and with careful study, a high rank among our problem composers. N. B.—Make few in number; elaborate with great care; secure the criticism of friends:—so shall Caissa delight to do you honor. Nothing can be more "odorous" to a chess editor than to receive a batch of problems from a head in whose judgment he can have no confidence, and a hand whose skill in execution he has learned by experience he cannot trust. New problem received.

THEO. M. BROWN, Newark, N. J.—All at hand; nonsense about being your last. You *have* our permission to make only one-tenth as many in number. You, and your friend "En Prise," have both run into the mistake of indulging to an extreme. Keep up the practice of chess, but, as an amusement only, keep it subordinate to the graver duties of life: then will you enjoy the intense pleasure chess is calculated to bestow; find your passions cooled and steadied, your judgment cleared and strengthened, and your intellectual being put in tune for grappling courageously with the duties, counter-moves, and successes of the game of life.

M. N. (Who and where?)—We are compelled, uniformly, to decline such propositions as your first; your second is attended to. Use or make diagrams.

END GAME—NEW YORK VS. PHILADELPHIA.

WHITE.—New York.



BLACK.—Philadelphia.

Black to move and mate in six moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 46.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..B to Q sq	K to his 5	3..K to Q 2	K to Q 4
2..K-Q B 3	P-Q 5 +	4..B-K B 3 mate.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 47.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to her sq	B to Q 6	4..K to Kt 6	P moves
2..Q × B	R-K 4 + *a*	5..Q mates.	
3..B × R	P × B *b*		

a If R keeps upon the royal rank, K to Kt 6, and mates in two more moves.

b

3.. K to Kt 2

4..Q to her 7 +, and mates next move.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 46.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R to his 3	P to R 5	3..R to his 2	Kt P × R
2..B × Kt P	R P × B	4..P-Kt 4 mate.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 47.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to K 8	P to K 4 *best*	3..Q × R +	K × Q, or *a*
2..Kt × P dbl ch	K × Kt P	4..K-B 4 mate.	

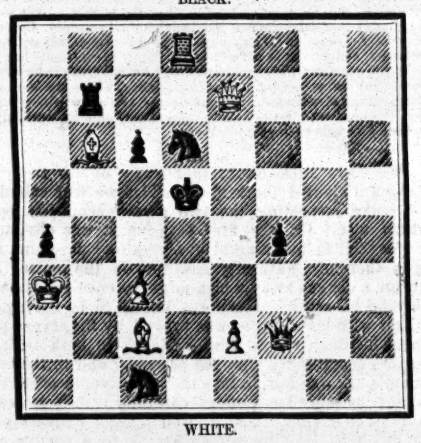
a

3.. K to B 3

4..Q to B 5 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 48.—BY M. T. POCQUETTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 48.

From the January No. of the "Berliner Schachzeitung." Between Herren Anderssen and Hillel.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White, Herr Anderssen.	Black, Herr Hillel.	White, Herr Anderssen.	Black, Herr Hillel.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q × Q B	Q R to Q sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..Q-her R 3	K Kt-B 4
3..K B-Q B 4	B-Q B 4	22..Q R-K sq	Q-K 5
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	23..K Kt-his 5	Q-K R 5
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	24..P-K 4	K Kt-Q 5
6..P-Q 4	P × Q P	25..Kt-K B 3	Kt × Kt +
7..Castles	B-Q Kt 3	26..Q × K Kt	Q R-Q 7
8..P × Q P	P-Q 3	27..Q B-his 3	R × Q R P
9..P-K R 3	Q-K B 3	28..P-K 5	Kt-Q 5
10..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-R 3	29..B × Kt	Q × B +
11..Q Kt-Q 2	Castles	30..K-R sq	K-R sq
12..P-K 5	Q P × P	31..Q-K 4	Q-her Kt 7
13..Q P × P	Q-K 2	32..R-K R 4	Q × K P
14..Q Kt-K 4	Q B-K 3	33..Q-her 3	P-K R 4
15..K B-Q 3	Q B-K B 4	34..Q-K B 5	Q × Q
16..Kt-B 6 + *a*	Kt P × Kt	35..K R × Q	K-R 2
17..K P × P	Q-K sq *b*	36..R-K Kt 5	K-R 3
18..Q-her 2	K B-K 6	37..Q R × P mate.	
19..P × K B	B × K B		

NOTES.

a The commencement of a very fine combination, by which such advantages are secured as render White's victory certain.

b It was essential that the Black Q should remain on the K's file, in order to avert the mate threatened by his adversary's playing Q to her 2d. From this point notes are not necessary. The advantages already gained by Herr A. place success within the reach of a player of his skill.

ENIGMA NO. 48.

AN INGENIOUS ADAPTATION.—BY MIDNIGHT.

WHITE.—K at his Kt 6; Q at K R 8; B's at K Kt 3, and Q 3; Kt at Q 7; P's at K B 2, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3d.

BLACK.—K at his B 6; Q at her R sq; R at K sq; B at K B 8; Kt's at K B 2, and Q Kt 2; P's at K Kt 4 and 5, Q 4 and 5, and Q Kt 4 and 5th.

White to play and mate with the Q B P in six moves, without taking any of the Black Pawns, or allowing any of them to be moved.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

NUMBER ONE.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philad'a.
7..K B to Q Kt 5	K Kt to K 5
8..B takes Q Kt ch	P takes B
9..P takes Q 2d P	

NUMBER TWO.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philad'a.	Black—Boston.
6..Castles	P to Q 3
7..P to Q 4	P takes Q P
8..P takes P	B to Q Kt 3

BETWEEN E. HATCH AND ALONZO.

White—E. Hatch.	Black—Alonzo.
24..Q Kt to K B 3	Q to K sq
25..B takes Kt	B takes B
26..P takes P	Q takes P

BETWEEN DE PREFONTAINE AND LOPEZ.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
13..Kt to Q Kt 5	Q Kt to R 3
14..Q to K B 3	K Kt to K 2

BETWEEN STAMMA AND MIDNIGHT.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
8..Q home	K B to K 2
9..Q Kt to B 3	Castles
10..Castles	

BETWEEN EN PRISE AND X. Y. Z., SENIOR.

White—En Prise.	Black—X. Y. Z.
16..Kt to K 4	Q to K 4
17..K R to K sq	Castles
18..P to Q B 4	Kt to K B 5

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

CHALLENGE.

"B," of Boston, will play "any one of our contributors" a Game of Draughts "through the CLIPPER." Who's in?

ANOTHER.

If Martin does not accept Harry's challenge, I will play him a game; that is, if he is willing, on the same terms: *i. e.* by mail, and the game shall be for the sake of love. If Harry accepts this, his communications directed to Nathaniel Brown, Jr., will reach "Mojaisk."

BOSTON.

☞ Uncle Sam would inform the Draught players that the colors are to be reversed in Position No. 90.

☞ An interesting letter from "Martin" next week.

☞ Correct Solutions of No.'s 91 and 92 by Stranger, Jr. Of 91 by R. W. Wilton.

March 5, 1857.

MR. SWEET, Draught Editor CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Can J. S. tell why he makes Black's 4th move, Game 39, 9 to 13, when, I think, 10 to 14 would win the game? Black wins the exchange, unless White attempts to hold it, when he is so broken in both "rank and file," that Black cannot help but win the game.

Why don't "Mojaisk" move? This waiting three weeks for a move is not "Express" business. Yours truly, EXPRESS.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1857.

MR. SWEET—*Dear Sir:* I am surprised that Mr. Dutton or the "spectator" has not answered J. S., of Winchester, in his somewhat severe remarks on Note B, Game 41. You will oblige by informing J. S. that I will carry the play further, commencing where he left off, I taking Dutton's side, betting $5 on the result of each variation; one at the 11th move and one at the 10th; the money won (if I should win) to be appropriated to the purchase of a board and men, to be played for by contributors to the CLIPPER. I will also make a separate bet of $5 on each, J. S. to win if he draws. Yours truly, A. R. N.

STANDARD LAWS OF DRAUGHTS.

FROM ANDERSON'S TREATISE.

Carefully drawn up from the conjoined Testimonies of Approval and Amendments, received in reply to the Circulars issued to the various Draught Clubs in Britain, and also to many of the best Players NOT connected with a Club.—Glasgow, April, 1852.

19. A draw, is when neither of the players can force a win. When one of the sides appears stronger than the other, the stronger party is required to complete the win, or to show at least a decided advantage over his opponent within forty of his own moves, to be counted from the point at which *notice* was given; failing in which, he must relinquish the game as a draw.

20 Anything which may tend to annoy or distract the attention of the player, is *strictly* forbidden; such as making signs or sounds, pointing or hovering over the board, unnecessarily delaying to move a piece touched, or SMOKING. Any principal so acting, after having been warned of the consequence, and requested to desist, shall forfeit the game.

21. While a game is pending neither player is permitted to leave the room without giving a sufficient reason, or receiving the others consent or company.

22. Either player committing a breach of any of the laws, must submit to the penalty, and his opponent is equally bound to exact the same.

23. Any spectator giving warning, either by sound or remark, on any of the games, whether played or pending, shall be expelled from the room during the match.

24. Should any dispute occur, not satisfactorily determined by the preceding laws, a *written statement of facts* must be sent to a disinterested arbiter having a knowledge of the game, whose decision shall be final.

END OF LAWS.

☞ For the preceding eighteen Articles, see the two previous numbers of the CLIPPER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALONZO.—We "collapse," "condense," and "fetch up dead on the centre." We publish one of your positions this week. *Will* you "let up?"

A. R. N.—Thanks. Your favors shall receive our early attention.

EXPRESS.—It is not Mojaisk's fault; he wrote, but the letter did not reach us.

HARRY.—We have been unsuccessful thus far in the "book" matter, the customer proving a "deadhead." Thanks for many favors. We think he does reside there.

O. DUTTON.—Thanks for your game. Let us hear from you often.

J. S.—Your friends seem to "notice" you. Take courage.

J. MCL.—Don't get discouraged. We have "things" from you which *shall* appear.

UNCLE SAM.—Your game contains a few errors in the figures. We published the position as sent. In proof of which we are prepared to forward the "original."

NEMO.—"Exercise your soul with patience." We have all your positions. Bear in mind, friend Nemo, that we have a "few contributors," and note the fact that we have positions on hand that have "kept" much longer than yours. No diagrams. Can tell when we see it.

MARTIN.—Give us your ☞. Now "you *are* talking." Your letter next week. Thanks for the game. We venture the assertion that our contributors will all be as much rejoiced as ourselves, at your return.

STRANGER, JR.—Observe our explanation of Uncle Sam's "position." Solution correct.

ROUGH AND READY.—Yes. Will forward Vol. IV. when complete.

R. W. WILTON.—Solution of Position No. 91 correct.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 91.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..26 to 22	17 to 26	5..18 to 14	10 to 17
2..10 7	3 10	6..9 6	1 10
3..19 16	12 19	7..28 24	20 27
4..23 7	2 11	8..32 16, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 92.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..16 to 11	22 to 29	5..27 to 24	20 to 27
2..13 9	6 13	6..31 6	3 10
3..11 8	4 11	7..6 22, and wins.	
4..12 16	11 20		

THE OLD FOURTEENTH.

A game lately played in Buffalo, between Mr. O. Dutton and Mr. Jenkins, a strong player from the country, with Notes by a Spectator.

Black, Mr. Jenkins.	White, Mr. Dutton.	Black, Mr. Jenkins.	White, Mr. Dutton.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	13..7 to 11	22 to 8
2..8 11	22 17	14..2 7	25 22
3..4 8	17 13	15..7 11	27 24
4..9 14	25 22	16..11 15	24 19
5..14 18	29 25	17..15 24	32 28
6..5 9 *a*	26 23	18..3 7	24 19
7..9 14	22 17 *b*	19..7 11	22 18
8..1 5	30 26 *c*	20..11 16	8 3
9..5 9	26 22	21..10 15	18 11
10..11 16 *d*	24 20	22..14 18	23 5
11..15 24	20 4	23..16 23	3 7 *e*
12..12 16 *	28 12		

NOTES.

a Mr. J. prefers the centre game, and at this point, said his game was invincible. But good players know that 11 to 16 is the only draw.

b This move was unexpected to Mr. J., and rather dampened his spirits.

c A splendid play, the object of which will soon be seen.

d Before Mr. J. made this move, he expressed a desire to resign, evidently "smelling a rat." Mr. D. intimated that he could send his opponent to "Chicago." Then the battle commenced.

e The result tells its own tale.

DRAUGHT ENIGMAS.

POSITION NO. 21.—OLD SERIES.

By Harry.

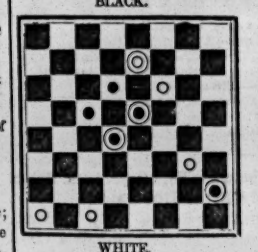
Black men at 1, 4, 12, 16, 17, 18, 25, and 26. Black Kings at 7 and 28.
White men at 8, 9, 10, 14, 20, 23, 27, and 32. White King at 5.
White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 22.—OLD SERIES.

By J. D.

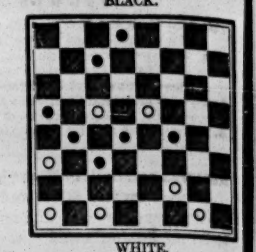
Black men at 2, 3, 11, 12, 13, 17, 21, 24, and 27. Black King at 9.
White men at 15, 22, 23, 26, 28, and 30. White Kings at 4, 10, and 18.
Black to play and win.

POSITION NO. 93.
NEW SERIES.
By Alonzo.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 94.
NEW SERIES.
By Nemo.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.		White—Alonzo.	
14.. 7	11	29	25
15..12	16	25	21

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

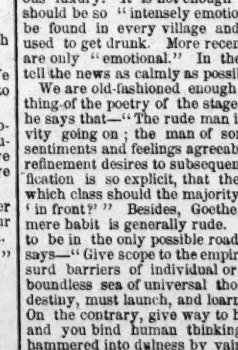
NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.		Black—Uncle Sam.	
3..29	25	8	11
4..18	15	11	18
5..22	15	16	20
6..24	19		

NUMBER TWO.

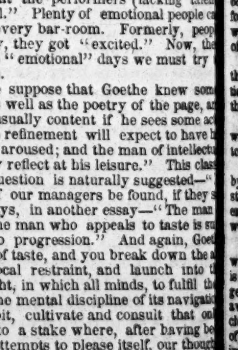
White—Uncle Sam.		Black—J. S.	
2..24	20	10	15
3..25	22	7	10
4..27	24	8	12
5..24	19	—	—

MATCH GAME.
Between Mojaisk and Express.
BLACK, (Express.)



WHITE, (Mojaisk.)
Black to move.

MATCH GAME.
Between Truxton and A. G.
BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)
Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS.—THE STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMAS and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail *free*, when requested. 29-3m

ABOUT this time of the year we have a remarkably general paralle of the particular line of managerial influence in theatrical affairs. may be seen in the fact that although the prices of eggs, fish, etc., ar increased by the general abstinence from meat required during th observance of Lent, the price of meat remains particularly faithful t its previous high rates. There is an astonishing similarity of selfis ness, "all in the way of trade," between our purveyors of theatrica and the purveyors of provisions. This similarity seems to be a s of "heads—I win, tails—you lose" affair. If any bystander happe to make a few remarks for the benefit of the public, he is stigmatize as "a fault-finding critic," a mere "newspaper man," and he gets many scowls and aspersions as if he were a policeman who thoug proper to do his duty by defending a victim from the "little game just about to be played upon his pockets by a swell mob of such co federates as do not scruple to take every advantage of their apparen respectable position in society.

The most mercurial of our readers cannot fail to observe how i tensely emotional and impulsive are the entertainments—aye, and some cases, the performers—usually "selected" by managerial tast They seem to have been contrived for people who—either before behind the curtain—have arrived "pretty well primed," are ve likely to "pick flint and try again" between each act; and, by t time the final tableau is formed, they are ready to go off to glory, Paradise, or to any other undiscovered country.

With our intelligent population and tasteful theatrical circles, sure it is time we had a better assortment of bills of fare provided. It not enough that the pieces played should be prepared with incidents blue-blazes or debauchery, set off with the silks and satins of lascivious luxury. It is not enough that the performers (lacking talen should be so "intensely emotional." Plenty of emotional people c be found in every village and every bar-room. Formerly, peop used to get drunk. More recently, they got "excited." Now, th are only "emotional." In these "emotional" days we must try tell the news as calmly as possible.

We are old-fashioned enough to suppose that Goethe knew som thing of the poetry of the stage as well as the poetry of the page, a he says that—"The rude man is usually content if he sees some ac vity going on; the man of some refinement will expect to have sentiments and feelings agreeably aroused; and the man of intellect refinement desires to subsequently reflect at his leisure." This clas fication is so explicit, that the question is naturally suggested—" which class should the majority of our managers be found, if they 'in front?'" Besides, Goethe says, in another essay—"The man mere habit is generally rude. The man who appeals to taste is su to be in the only possible road to progression." And again, Goet says—"Give scope to the empire of taste, and you break down the surd barriers of individual or local restraint, and launch into t boundless sea of universal thought, in which all minds, to fulfil th destiny, must launch, and learn the mental discipline of its navigati On the contrary, give way to habit, cultivate and consult that on and you bind human thinking to a stake where, after having be hammered into dulness by vain attempts to please itself, our thoug will be swallowed up in one lazy and lengthened yawn of disgus lassitude." We now proceed with such "progress" as the past w gives us to report.

BROADWAY.—Mr. Forrest gave us four performances, and now the tractions are in the hands of that queer party, the "grand come combination." Just imagine such plays as Bulwer's "Lady of L ons." What a "hobjick of hinterest" for a talented company! elephantine performers, Victoria and Albert, will soon carry in th trunks to the tune of a piece called "The Usurper of Siam," and sh their Bartlemy Fair training in the gin-and-sausages school of Lond

BURTON'S.—Scarcely an item worthy of remark. Glad Mrs. C. B ard is better brought forward lately. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and " Tyler" we are glad to see. The alterations in "John Bull," mer to show off Mr. Brougham as Dennis Bulgruddery, are not impro ments. This one-man or one-woman power in plays will not do. doubt the manager will gradually fall back upon his Chambers st catalogue.

LAURA KEENE'S.—The most important item here is the confirma of the rumor that Kate Reignolds has actually carried her curls a from the Bowery to resume her place in the ranks of Laura's irre ble troops. "Faust and Marguerite" is just about ripe for gra glory, and we may say good-bye to Mr. Mephistophiles—he of the legs and undisguised manners included—for the present. When ra Keene's "bill editor" can tell us what language such a collectio letters as "parquet-TE" belongs to, we shall be ready to receive information he may have to offer about the writings of Goethe, a pity that the recently deceased Earl of Ellesmere died without benefit of Laura Keene's playbills.

AMERICAN.—Here we see some signs of progress and vitality. T Manager Davenport is merely making an experiment. But, he sh so much tact and perseverance, in conjunction with his well-kn merits as a performer, that we trust his flag will be kept flying in van of all competitors for public favor. Mr. Meighan's tale of " dern Insanity, or Forgery and Fashion," has been dramatized, we are sure that Mr. Davenport's company can do any style of dra full justice. Mrs. E. L. Davenport is a greater favorite than e Success to the American!

NATIONAL.—There is nothing fresh here except the peanut sh Mr. Crane, the machinist, has a benefit on Friday night, and we co der him the principal artist in the establishment. "The Magic Barr is empty enough. Short shillings seem to be in fashion.

BOWERY.—Our remarks of last week will do for the present The patriotic agony is plied up in mellow-drum-atic style.

MUSEUM.—Similar remarks to those of last week will do for th stitution. We are not aware of anything particularly new, except some highly (school) educated children from the rural districts h learned how to put salt on a stuffed bird's tail, and the discovery given great joy to their sanctified teachers, and excuses the suppo wickedness of the dramatic performances.

WALLACK'S.—With Planche's "Promotion," in which Mr. Lester pears, and a new comedy by Oliver S. Leland, some chance change from the Miss Matilda Heron mania begins to be perceiv We are yet unable to speak of Miss Heron, except in connection such pieces as we are quite sure never can aid the permanent fa any actress. Our lady friends will soon forget "Tildy" while loo at the fine face and figure of Brother Lester. The crazy running a particular actress in a particular personation forms no part of really dramatic progress, especially when the heroine out-Rache chel in rashly and rudely throwing all the other characters shade very much like oblivion. This kind of fun (perhaps "ham

would be a better word) lasting six weeks or more at a time is but a poor sample of progress.

MECHANICS' HALL.—This old scene of the Original Christy Minstrels and their triumphs is now occupied by the Bryant Minstrels, who seem to be very worthy successors while the "Originals" are on their way to the West.

BUCKLEY'S.—Here the "Ocean Telegraph' may be seen at work fishing for quarters.

THALBERG'S MATINEES.—These are indicative of a new era in the taste of our musical public, and we are proud to see the ladies lead the movement, for that is their province.

THE TABERNACLE.—This institution is getting sensible in its old days, and the "Antique" Concerts are well worthy of attention.

DRAMATIC AND DESULTORY.

Our Broadway Theatre is now said to have been purchased by Mr. J. A. Marshall, the present lessee, who feels sufficiently encouraged by his late experiment in Philadelphia to go in for $275,000 at one slap for the Broadway. All right. But it should be remembered that the success of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia has more the character of an accident than any permanent foothold for profit. The idea started by one of our self-complacent playbill neighbors in this city, that the Broadway should become a branch of the Philadelphia concern, is peculiarly rich, and rather more time-serving than clear-sighted....When shall we have that "Complimentary" to E. L. Davenport? His losses from the absurd accident at the Bowery have been very great; and, besides, we are anxious to see his hands strengthened for the good work of getting up a first-class American theatre....Madame de Wilhorst leaves us soon for Europe to finish her musical education, and we are happy to bear witness of this estimable lady's constant improvement. But, is it not remarkable that, as she was represented as the equal of the greatest artists when she first appeared, she should now have so many opportunities for improvement yet remaining? This question might puzzle reasonable people, but will be no difficulty whatever to puff-preparers who deal in superlatives exclusively, and can continually use the word "excellent" without any comparative antecedent....We hear enough about the ten thousand kites up at Union Square last Saturday, but nothing about the number of boys made sick by the unusual fatigue and exposure. There is a little too much kite flying about the majority of our places of amusement. Ask their treasurers and the money brokers....The court reporters are on the look out for those cases of Seymour v. Burton or Burton v. Seymour, and Mrs. McMahon v. Everybody or Everybody v. Mrs. McMahon....It is not true that Ole Bull has formed such an admiration of the negro character as to take his violin to the Coast of Guinea....The invitation hop of the Shanghais on Thursday night at the Apollo Rooms, will find us there, if nothing splits....Miss Gillen, the young lady who assists vocally at Ole Bull's concerts, is the daughter of a New York merchant, and promises to become famous....M. W. Fiske is in town organizing a company for the Eastern cities....If Thalberg should open out at the Academy of Music, and Maretzek make one of his peculiar semi-successful "failures" at Niblo's, won't there be a war among the piano warehouses! Critics will get crusty, editors will say "A plague o' both your houses!" and most likely the gentlemen of the long robe (as they say in England) may have some libel suits to dish up on oyster shells. ....When the third tier at the Broadway is knocked away and the second filled up with proper stalls, certainly New York theatres will begin to look somewhat operatic....The Providence papers are not willing to mention Mrs. McMahon any how. This is the "unkindest cut of all." We try, in our humble way, to keep the lady before the public, and give her a chance for success....Hon. Edward Everett has now raised about $14,000 in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund, by delivering his oration on the Life and Character of Washington....We are to have a parody on "Camille" to be called "Clam-eel" at one of our theatres, and this, no doubt, will be the "ticket for soup."....Look out for Harry Wallack on his return from England....We need not go to any theatre to see plenty of "Crinoline."....Lola Montez knows how to "kill the spider," and has lately pitched into the unfortunate leader of an orchestra at Pittsburgh....A certain singer is said to have had $10,000 left him by a deceased relative in Italy, on condition of returning soon. By all means let the gentleman go....Miss Alfridita, the beautiful Grecian actress, has won great honor by her performances at the pretty little theatre in Morrisania....We shall have Miss Logan at Wallack's in June, and in the interim she will play an engagement at the Boston Museum, commencing the first Monday in April....Miss Heron is soon to appear in a varied round of characters, and then we shall be able to make up "an opinion as is an opinion" about her merits....The new theatre at Worcester, Mass., is said to be very successful, and we rejoice with the Munroes and other good fellows there....Mrs. Howe's new play is called "The World's Own."....Miss Davenport has purchased Oliver C. Wyman's translation of "Medee," so that now we shall have two "Medeas" as well as two "Camilles." Let us get our lives insured, for these girls will be the death of us!....The Keller party are now in Mobile....Harry Placide is at Buffalo....Miss Emma Stanley now puts on trousers in Baltimore....J. B. Roberts is a long time getting ready for England....J. L. Jacobs takes his accordeon to Chicago....Mrs. McMahon is now in Albany, and no doubt will wind up with her usual benediction on the Press....J. W. Wallack's improvement is very rapid lately, and he gives us a capital Wat Tyler....The stupid parson who preached against the new theatre in Worcester has given the house quite a hoist of popularity. A new style of advertising, perhaps? All right....A new theatre is also announced at Quincy, Iowa. Let some parson get his pop-gun ready....Samuel French has just added about half a dozen more plays to his collection. Step in and see his list at 122 Nassau street.

BROOKLYN.—Thalberg has created an intense enthusiasm for concerts among our music-loving neighbors across the ferry. All his performances there have been well attended. That "Old Folks Concert" last Saturday night brought out crowds "by the light of the moon." The concert mentioned by us last week as to take place at the Athenæum was attended by a very fashionable audience, and one of our lady friends has been kind enough to favor us with her disinterested views of it as follows:—

"On Wednesday evening, March 4th, the music-loving people of Brooklyn were regaled with a rare feast of vocal and instrumental harmony, by the Misses Sheppard—the celebrated 'Mollenhauer Brothers,' (only one however appearing, the other being prevented by sudden illness,) Mr. Griswold, Mr. Candido Berti, and Mr. C. J. Hopkins.

"The audience was not as large as it should have been on so rare an occasion, but evinced themselves exceedingly well pleased by the performance of these attractive and highly gifted artists. The cheering was enthusiastic, the encore even rapturous, calling for the repetition of nearly every piece.

"The Misses Sheppard are intelligent and agreeable looking girls; their voices are fine, and their manners simple and unaffected. Practice will render them more and more unconscious of the audience, and their appearance, therefore, more free and unconstrained.

"Mr. Griswold has a capital way of singing a humorous song, and we should advise all lovers of a good hearty *expression* of human love to go and hear him.

"The piano on this occasion revealed its best capabilities, as played by Messrs. Berti and Hopkins; while the violin, that 'wondrous instrument,' in the hands of Mollenhauer, shook the hearts of the audience as we fancy they were shaken on the day of Pentecost. Who would willingly stay away from such a concert?"

BOSTON.—After Mrs. McMahon left the three-hilled city, the most worthy successor to notoriety was Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble. She is one of the Fannys—she is; and Lola Montes and such like ladies generally follow her lead in the art of getting talked about. We are aware that Fanny is an especial pet among the Mutual Admiration Society of Boston, but it is just possible that they may have become tired of her innumerable dodges for fame. One of her favorite fancies is to impress upon people the idea that she has money—she has. The latest aspiration of arrogance is the refusal to sell gallery tickets for persons to witness (perhaps hear) her Readings from Shakespeare. This has somewhat startled the Bostonians, who cannot divine such an angelic lady's reasons. Reason, however, is not likely to have had much to do with her determination. This old game of getting up some peculiarity of business is nearly played out. It is like the publication of extraordinary hotel bills. The able Boston correspondent of the "N. Y. Evening Post" says:—

"The 'fascinating Fanny' is, as usual, making enemies on all sides. She will not sell 'gallery tickets' to her readings, declaring that she has an unmitigated aversion to 'gods' and 'goddesses.' Money, she says, is not her object—which is to do justice to Shakespeare, her audience, and herself. Justice is a fine thing, but what injustice would be done to either party, to this trio, by allowing people to sit in the gallery, is past finding out. The 'immortal William,' while accumulating angels and rose nobles wherewith to make of himself an estated gentleman, had no such nonsense about him, but loved a full gallery, and probably was more pleased at the sight of it than he would have been at the thought of the 'justice' he was to receive from generations of readers and commentators. Genius is always the twin brother of common sense."

The idea of not caring for money will be an item of news to those best acquainted with Fanny's history, and enough to make Jack Fawcett, Miss Lacy, or Mrs. S. C. Glover, young again, while Soho Square might dance the hey with Covent Garden. How the Boston papers view this matter may be inferred from the following first-rate notice in the "Saturday Evening Gazette" of Feb. 28:—

"VERY KEMBLISH AND VERY SNOBBY.—Fanny Kemble drew a host of ladies into the lower entry of Tremont Temple early this afternoon. Many went away in despair as she refused to sell tickets for the gallery. A few were finally admitted there, and before commencing the second part she addressed the audience stating her aversion to hearers in the gallery. She regretted that any should be discommoded, but wished it understood that her readings were not so much to make money as to do Shakespeare, her audience and herself full justice."

Despair is a sad thing, but we think that it can be cured in this case. We believe that "Genius is always the twin brother of Common Sense." Let Common Sense be heard, and we can soon do without these fanciful and finical Fannys.

At the Boston theatres a very fair amount of business is going on. The Boston now has Brother Bourcicault, who has much improved under our fostering and scolding care, and the adorable "Agnes," who, like Mrs. C. Howard, (now at Burton's,) improves herself by the moral instincts of a true child of genius....The Howard goes on cultivating its cobwebs....The National is getting up some appearances of business, and some very worthy people have enlisted among the performers; but we have already seen what similar "management" did for the unfortunate Howard....The Museum gives a pleasing adaptation of "Neighbor Jackwood," dramatized by its delighful author....Benefits are "on" three nights this week, and we hope Mr. Davies will have a bumper on Friday night, for he is one of the most pains-taking and praiseworthy performers we ever had the honor of mentioning ....Miss Kimberly is on hand with her "Readings From Shakespeare," and we feel confident that this lady belongs to the first rank in her style of performances, and this is usually the verdict of all who attend her superbly poetical and beautifully impassioned readings....Ordway's Minstrels and "Ye Antique Concerts" are positive blessings in such a business community.....The Philharmonic concerts under Zerahn have just concluded that series at the Music Hall....The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their last concert of a series of eight on the 10th of March....The Germania Serenade Band have just organized a military band of eighteen pieces....The Boston Art Club have lost about $200 by a course of lectures just completed. Let them go in for the "Living Pictures" now so fashionable—and learn to live until better times for art in the modern Athens.

PHILADELPHIA.—Manager Wheatley has established another Shakespearean triumph by his style of bringing out "Henry IV.," and Mr. Bass makes up a rousing good Falstaff. The general merit is even and masterly, furnished by a capital stock company, and this is our delight....Madame Tourniaire, and the admirable circus company now at the National, fill the establishment with success and good times. Dan Rice, with his legitimate horses and low-comedy mules, keep the audiences wide awake....The Walnut improves under the attractions of the Ravels, Madame Monplaisir, and Young Hengler....Thalberg is a greater favorite than ever among all classes....The Italian Opera has been very well managed. The audiences are brilliant with beauty and intelligence. Madame Gazzaniga continues successful. The foyer and lobbies are properly conducted for promenades and conversation. This is a delightful improvement, and deserves our warmest commendation. It has secured the patronage of the Boston in Boston. Now we begin to go to a theatre like good Christians, just as we ought. Well done, Brother Marshall! Three cheers for Pete Richings!! Vive Max!!!....Sanford's Opera House has come out with scenery, etc., in a fairy operatic extravaganza called "Beauty and the Beast," and is really a very artistic combination of magic, music, and merriment. The usual performances were attractive enough. The fact is, Philadelphia has decidedly waked up, and S. S. Sanford is not the man to be behind in a race, with or without wheelbarrows.

PITTSBURGH.—The best thing up in old smoky town is the performance given by the Original Christy Minstrels, who are at Masonic Hall, with Brother John T. Donnelly, their accomplished agent. This fine band of performers have played at Concert Hall in Philadelphia since they last left Mechanics' Hall in this city. Wherever they go their audiences are sure to be delighted.

ST. LOUIS.—Another son of old Sol Smith has made a first appearance at the St. Louis. The Conways have left, and some say for California. Miss Irving has gone to Chicago. A southern lady, Miss Westmoreland, succeeds her; then Susan Denin; then, Lola Montes. Good. ....The French Opera Troupe from New Orleans are expected at the Varieties in May....Jamieson and Annie Senter are now starring at the People's. The Proctors have left. Mrs. Vance (Kate Warwick) is leading lady, and this is Annie Senter's first engagement here. Charley Barry lately had a rousing benefit.

MORE LAW.—Manager Marshall, of the Broadway, is said to have commenced a suit against W. H. Harrison, the tenor. The latter, it appears, was authorized to engage a basso. He got our mellifluous friend Borrani for $75 per week. Marshall wants to know why *he* had to pay $125.

FOREIGN AND MISCELLANEOUS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

Bayle Bernard has contributed "A Splendid Investment" to his delightful productions, and Manager Robson has brought it out at the London Olympic....Grisi and Volpini have been well received at Liverpool....The Imperial Sporting Club, at Cheltenham, have arranged some very pleasing amateur theatricals....Mr. Rogers, the comedian who threw his 13s. 4d. into the poor box, has shown himself to be a foo-foo....We always thought James E. Murdoch a Pennsylvanian, but the London papers make him hail from Ohio....The wife of Mr. Henry Lorraine, now performing in the West, died lately in Liverpool ....C. D. Pitt is at Nottingham....The most excruciating Barnum gags are in the English papers about the Howards and "little Cordelia"....Charles Kean talks of retiring in 1859....H. C. Jarrett, of Baltimore, has made arrangements to appear with his American company in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool, and is to play in New York (before he leaves) the same piece he would open with in London. This begins to look like earnest....The theatrical items from Australia are not very interesting, but they show a very pleasing progress....The British and the American stage must inevitably be mutually beneficial.

SPARRING.

DENNY HORRIGAN—Intends opening a Sparring Exhibition at Harry Jennings' Sporting Museum, 114 Madison street, twice a week, TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS. Private Lessons given daily.

EXHIBITION IN NEWARK.—Newark, March 9, 1857.—MR. EDITOR.—The friends of the manly art of self-defence in this city rallied in their full strength on Wednesday evening last, at Washington Hall, for the double purpose of showing their appreciation of the art, and at the same time given young Gardner a substantial proof (in the shape of American quarters) of their personal good feeling towards himself. At the hour named in the bills the spacious hall was comfortably filled by an appreciative audience, and the ball was set in motion by a set-to between two friends, which, although a one sided affair, gave good satisfaction, and whetted the appetites of all who were anticipating the good things to follow. Young Gardner, with a friend, followed; both meant work, and went at it; in fact it was a give and take affair all round. The McGinnis brothers next put on the mits, and gave good satisfaction—a slashing affair from beginning to end. Three or four breakdowns by Mr. Burr and others enlivened the proceedings of the evening, until Nickols and Carter put themselves in position; both did their best, and gave and took with the best of feeling. Two friends, one a heavy the other a light weight, followed, and to judge from the expressions of the audience were thought about equal. The wind-up was to have been a set-to between Con. Fitzgerald and Phil. Clare, but these two gents, to the great disappointment of the audience, did not come to time, not being in the city. In their absence, Young Gardner and Awful wound-up the evening performance, and of course pleased all who witnessed it. Of one thing I feel in my own mind well assured, and that is, if your correspondent's top knot had received any one of the blows which rained on one another repeatedly, he would not have been able to have indited this letter.

FISTIANA.

EXHIBITION IN CHICAGO.—At Mackey's, Sportsman's Hall, Chicago, on the 2d inst., a sparring exhibition was given for the benefit of young Gainsley. Before 8 o'clock, the hour announced for the boxing to commence, the Hall was well filled by the lovers of the fistic art. The ball was opened by Bill Collens, of Manchester, and Mike Ward, of New York, and a clever display they made, there being but little difference in the abilities of the men. The next set-to was between Jem Brown, of Dundas, C. W., and Enoch Davis, of Birmingham—these two exhibited considerable science, and were loudly applauded. Afterwards appeared Young Moline, of Chicago, and a stranger—then, O'Brien, of Chicago, and Bruce, of Davenport, Iowa. These were followed by Harry McDonald, and Thomas Shaughnessy, who made a fine set-to. Nick Grant and Johnny McCan had a rough time of it in their set-to. The Young Spider, of Albany, and the Chicago Pet, next appeared; after which, the wind-up was given by Young Gainsley and Ed. James, who made a grand and scientific display.

HORRIGAN'S EXHIBITION.—Dennis Horrigan, who is about being matched to fight Harry Lazarus, will give an exhibition of boxing on Monday evening next, at the house of Harry Jennings, No. 117 Madison street. Denny will wind up with Mike Trainer—this set-to alone should be sufficient to crowd the room. We hope the exhibition will be liberally patronized.

CODEY'S BENEFIT.—Codey seems to be unfortunate in his exhibitions. Both evenings selected for his benefit were on a par, two of the most dreary and stormy evenings we have had during this disagreeable month. A postponement was had on the first occasion, but on the second Codey determined to "try it on," and gave the exhibition to a "beggarly account of empty benches." Of the many sparrers who promised to assist, four only turned up, viz: Barney Lunney, Jack Adams, Arthur Mack, and Young Mooney. Old Tovey, being sick, was unable to be present. Codey will give an exhibition in Yorkville in a few weeks, when we hope he will be more successful.

COBURN'S EXHIBITION took place in Philadelphia on the 3d inst. Scotty's was to have been given on the 10th.

AQUATICS.—Newburgh, March 2, 1857.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—I noticed in your paper an article under the head of Aquatics, in which Mr. "Jib Stay" has made a small error, which, with your permission, I beg leave to correct. "Jib Stay" says that "Robt. Fish is building, up at Newburgh, at Capt. Robinson's yard, a yacht that will be a good one to go"—there I hope he will not be in error. Now, sir, the yacht spoken of is building by Mr. Thos. S. Morril, for myself, from a model furnished by Mr. Robt. Fish, who superintends the building of her.

HENRY ROBINSON.

CANINE.

FIGHT IN CHICAGO.—A fight took place on the 2d inst., in Chicago, between the celebrated dogs Jack and Charley, in the presence of a large number of spectators. At two o'clock the word was given, and the dogs went to work. They were both in the best possible condition, and a slashing contest was looked for. In this the spectators were not disappointed. One hour had been occupied in fighting before a turn was had, both dogs stoutly contesting for the supremacy. In all, nine scratches were fought, and on the tenth, it being Charley's turn to scratch, he started, reeled, got up against the side of the pit, where he stood until taken away. The fight lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes, at the end of which time Jack was declared the winner. Both dogs displayed extraordinary game qualities, and both were handled with care and judgment. The dog Charley died on the following day at 11 o'clock, but Jack is said to be getting along finely.

A CHANCE FOR 48 LBS. DOGS.—I will fight my dog Jack against any 48 lbs. dog in the United States or Canada, for one or three hundred dollars a side. The fight to come off in four weeks from the first deposit. I will give or take one pound. A match can be made at Johnny Mackey's, Sportsman's Hall, 117 Michigan street, Chicago, or by applying through the CLIPPER.

ERASTUS SHERMAN.

SKELPER AND CRIB.—A match was to have been fought in Philadelphia on the 2d inst., between Buckley's white dog Crib, and O'Donnell's Philadelphia dog Skelper, for $200. There was much interest manifested in regard to this match, and a number of New Yorkers, who had money invested on the result, accompanied Mr. Buckley and his dog to Philadelphia, to witness the fight. But, there was no fight at all. Some one, said to be an interested party on the "other side," and who did not like the appearance of the Philadephia dog, and fearful of losing his money, had the owner of the place where the contest was to have taken place, arrested, and his place indicted, &c. So the story goes. At all events, the battle did not take place, and the New Yorkers were compelled to return home without the least satisfaction being given them. We have been promised full particulars of this curious affair, with names of parties, &c. If received, they will appear in our next.

REPLY TO JENNINGS.—ED. CLIP.—Looking over your last issue, I noticed an article from Harry Jennings, wherein it is stated that when he fought his dog Luckey at my house, he could not even get a coop to put his dog in. Mr. Jennings never brought his dog into the house till the time to fight. He thinks, however, he can benefit his own house by condemning mine. It is a well known fact that Mr. Giddings never put dogs in coops, for he has plenty of spare rooms, with beds in them. Jennings never asked me for a coop, as he calls it, for he was afraid to trust his dog with any other person except his brother Jack, for he thinks the people here are not as honest as they are in London. I am surprised that Harry Jennings should write such a card; and as for a bed for his dog, he knows very well that I gave him (Jennings) a bed when he first came to this country. Mr. Jennings says if Mr. Andrews will fight his dog Nelson in his pit, he will furnish a carpeted room, &c., but Mr. Andrews declines such a proposition. He says he will fight him in April, not in a carpenter-shop, for as much money as he likes. Keep shady, Harry.

JAMES GIDDINGS, 49 Madison st.

TIGE AND JACK.—J. Giddings' dog Tige, and Mr. White's dog Jack, 34lbs each, are to fight at 49 Madison street, on the 12th, for $100 a side.

CRIB MATCHED AGAIN.—Mr. Buckley's dog Crib has been matched to fight Mr. Quandrell's dog Buy, for $150 a side, on the 23d of April, at 49 Madison street.

DANCING CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Lawrence, Mass., March 2nd, 1857. MR. EDITOR—In your CLIPPER of (Saturday,) 21st of Feb., there appeared "A Challenge to Dancers," from Mathew Kershaw, of Philadelphia, to dance any man in the United States, or any other States. I have anxiously waited for the CLIPPER of the following week to ascertain if any one had accepted the challenge, but found that it remained unanswered. I am therefore prepared to back myself for $200, to dance either Mathew Kershaw, or (his boy pupil,) Edward Chew, on their own terms, viz.: hornpipe, jig, and waltz, three tunes, twelve steps to each tune, every step to be danced twice over, right and left, exactly alike, taps and time; to dance in pump shoes—to have three judges or chalkers, each party to choose one chalker, and the third to be chosen agreeably to both parties. Should it so happen that no miss tap, or time, or other fault is made, to dance it over. I will give or take reasonable expenses to dance in Philadelphia or Boston. Editor of the CLIPPER to be stakeholder. Let them not claim to be champions of scientific dancing until this is tried and decided. I am not an entire stranger to Mr. Kershaw, having danced with him in England many years ago. Any communication will be strictly attended to.

Address WILLIAM H. HANSEN, Lawrence, Mass.

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FOR THE CLIPPER.

Beneath this slab lies here, secure
From pain, and torture, and all that,
One, who, in times long past and gone,
Was known so well as Rooney's Cat.

Alas! his faults I can't conceal,
As every larder paid for that;
Yet every puss is known to steal,
But none to equal Rooney's Cat.

In early life he lost his tail,
In deadly combat with a rat;
Woe, then, to any canine cur
That dare approach John Rooney's Cat.

Nature, in her bounteous laws,
To quell the mastiff, coon, or rat,
Gave him muscle, teeth, and claws,
Only known to Rooney's Cat.

His mimic yell has oft beguiled;
For timid Bob asserted that
"Sandy Hook," or some young child,
Cried all night long like Rooney's Cat.

His friendly purr I'll ne'er forget,
While (safe from every churlish brat)
On my knee I sleeked his fur,
And looked my last on Rooney's Cat.

In '56, near West Broadway—
The Sun described that great combat—
Fought the twenty-sixth of May,
By Murphy's slut and Rooney's Cat.

Stakes were placed with Broadway Bill—
Charley Grimes in judgment sat—
All the folks of Bergen Hill
Held ten to one on Rooney's Cat.

Ten thousand cheers the welkin filled,
As puss advanced—defiance spat—
One only round, the slut was killed,
Yet none could take off Rooney's Cat.

From all the facts I could procure,
And all the proof I could come at,
No rabbit ever slept secure,
Round Stryker's Bay, from Rooney's Cat.

The neighbors all his fate deplore:
He left them neither mouse nor rat:
If mutual grief could life restore,
You'd see again John Rooney's Cat.

Nocturnal birds may now rejoice;
The screeching owl and evening bat
Never more shall hear the voice,
Or midnight yell, of Rooney's Cat.

THE ART OF MANUAL DEFENCE;

OR,

SYSTEM OF BOXING:

PERSPICUOUSLY EXPLAINED

IN A SERIES OF LESSONS,

AND ILLUSTRATED

BY PLATES.

BY A PUPIL BOTH OF HUMPHREYS AND MENDOZA.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1799.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Explanation of the Technical Terms most frequently used in Boxing.

A Bar is a peculiar kind of stop or guard. To *bar* a blow is to befend yourself from it, by placing your arm on the part at which it is aimed. Thus the method which I have directed for the purpose of securing your mark, is by *barring*. Broughton, however, used to stop blows at the stomach by beating them down with his arm. The danger of such a practice is the chance you stand of being quicker in attempting to beat down the blow than your adversary is in striking it; in which case you will leave your stomach open just at the time of his hitting, and thus be yourself the cause of receiving what you was at the moment attempting to avoid. It is but fair however to observe that by this mode of defence you can beat off blows aimed at any part of your belly, whereas that of barring can only guard the pit of the stomach.

A Blow is a *stroke*, or *hit*, with the clenched fist, against any part of the face or body. All blows from the waistband of the breeches upwards are fair; all others are foul; and if a person is struck even upon the waistband, his adversary loses the battle.

Bottom is resolution to stand against and endure our adversary's blows, and is a great merit in a Boxer.

Closing, or *grappling*, is when your adversary and you mutually seize hold of each other, for the purpose of throwing a fall. In order to be successful in this branch of the art, if it can be properly so termed, you should, at the moment of grasping him, whether it be round the neck, or shoulders, or body, throw your right foot behind his left, or, if his left should be forward, your left behind his right, and attempt with all your force to fling his body over your foot, thus artfully placed, to destroy *his* equipoise, and preserve *your own*. If he stands square, which will generally be the case in closing, it will not signify which of your legs you place behind his. In order to prevent the effect of this manœuvre, he should remove his leg from before yours thus placed to entrap him, and place it behind, by which means he obliges you to stand in the same dangerous situation from which he had just extricated himself. If you perceive that he is dextrous enough to produce this change, frustrate his intention by removing your leg from before his, and thus putting him into the same state in which he was at first. You must then lose no time in attempting to throw him, lest he should alter your respective situations again and throw *you*. In order to give your design greater probability of success, let one of your arms, instead of clinging round his neck, be against it in front, which, by pushing him from you, will contribute to pitch him over your leg more effectually.

The Chop—the *chopper*—the *chopping-blow*—the *Mendoza*—a blow given downwards, or sideways, on the face with the back of the hand. As the larger and sharper knuckles inflict the stroke, it generally cuts. The power of striking this blow with dexterity often enables you to return with the same hand with which you parried the hit of your adversary. Thus if you struck at either side of the face, you may successfully raise up your elbow, catch the blow on it, quickly bring round your arm, and give the *chop*. Whenever the elbow is pointed a little upwards, it is a more favorable situation for striking the chopper, than when your fist is raised up for it, because, by affording your arm a swing round, it gives a greater *momentum* to the blow.

A Cross-Buttock is a species of fall which I trust has been sufficiently explained in the last chapter.

Distancing is when you get out of the reach of your adversary's blows. This is sometimes done by your having longer arms than he has, and thus keeping him off, sometimes by throwing your body on the hind leg when he strikes, and sometimes by retreating. Either of these methods is perfectly fair.

To Drive, is to fight with such power and resolution as to oblige your adversary to be constantly on the retreat. We do not say a man is driven when he shifts, nor when he occasionally retreats one or two steps, but when he finds he cannot stand against his opponent, and suffers himself to be driven before him.

Dropping is either falling on your breech, your knee, or your back, when your adversary strikes, or when you have struck at him, and wish to avoid the return. Everything in Boxing may be said to be allowable except striking below the waistband of the breeches, scratching, gouging, biting, or tearing the hair, which are mean and unmanly practices; yet I cannot consider one who drops as an honest Boxer, except it be to avoid his adversary's closing in upon him, when he has reason to suspect such an intention, and distrusts his own strength.

A Fall.—To get or receive a *fall* is to be thrown by your adversary. To give or throw a *fall*, is to serve him in the same manner.

Feint: a mock assault. To make a feint is to affect to hit at one part of the body, and really to strike at the other, in order to induce your adversary to guard the part pretended to be aimed at, and to mislead his attention from that at which your real blow is meant to be directed.

Game is synonymous with bottom. It is courage taken entirely in a passive sense. As resolution in spirit in encountering your antagonist, so is *game* hardiness in bearing the severity of his blows.

Gouging is skrewing your knuckles into the eyes of your adversary and—when practised at all—is generally done in closing if you get his head under your arm. It is the manner in which Mendoza served Humphreys at one time during their battle Odiham, though I believe it was done more with an intention of punishing him over his hip than of really injuring his organs of sight, as conceived by some persons, since if that had been his meaning, he would rather have introduced the end of his thumb or finger into his eyes than his knuckles. Gouging, however, was more than once practised both by Mendoza and Humphreys, on each other, at the time of their contest at Stilton.

Grappling is seizing hold of your opponent, or closing in upon him, when both your bodies approach within contact.

Guard.—A guard is the posture best calculated to keep your adversary from striking you. It is a word used when the body is placed in any situation for the purpose of defending it from a blow, whether at the side, face, or stomach. It is, however, more commonly applied to the attitude, or *first position* in Boxing, which is formed by throwing the body on the hinder leg, advancing the left leg forward, holding the left arm opposite the face, and the right opposite the stomach, with the elbows pointed downwards, in Humphrey's manner; or by throwing the weight of the body on the left leg, which is foremost, and holding the fists opposite the chin or mouth, at a reasonable distance, according to the method of Mendoza; or by holding the arms in a semi-circular direction before the head, like Johnson; or by placing one arm upon the stomach, and the other at a little distance before the face, as is the general custom of the common people. To *guard* is to defend any part of yourself from your adversary's blows, either by stopping them, or placing your hands so that you shall not lie open to them.

To recover *one's guard*, is to regain the first position, or aptitude of defence, after having deviated from it by either striking or parrying.

A hit, is a *stroke* or *blow;* but it is a word more commonly applied, when we speak of a blow having taken place. Thus if, in a battle, one person strikes at the other, and we are uncertain whether the blow was received or stopped, we generally ask whether he made his blow good, *i. e.* whether it was a *hit?*

Honest fighting.—An *honest* fighter is one that stands up to his man, and boxes fairly, without taking any ungenerous advantage, such as scratching, kicking when he is down, &c.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CANINE FASHIONS.

We have much pleasure in being able to give the annexed "fashion plates" in advance of all other competitors. Here we have a couple of the *habitues* of "the Broadway," dressed in the latest "Parisian *mode*." We are glad to find that canine instead of human puppies are in futureto be turned into blocks for the tailor and milliner. Look out for Broadway poodles, greyhounds, and terriers.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.

Some years ago during a visit of Kirby, of "dying fame," to London, an incident occurred which is thus related by the Globe:—Last evening during the performance of the play of Othello, at the Victoria Theatre, the audience were much excited by an announcement from the management. Toward the close of the play, and just before the last act was to be represented, Mr. Osbaldiston came forward and addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am placed in a most painful position. I know not what to say. (Sensation.) Mr. Kirby, who has been drunk to-night, has insulted the company, and without saying a word to me has left the house." (Cries of "It's a lie; Mr. Kirby is not drunk.", Mr. Osbaldiston proceeded:—"If it is your wish I'll send after him, and try to get him on." (Very great confusion.) Several gentlemen in the pit here rose and essayed to speak. One gentleman, after the confusion had subsided, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is untrue to say that Mr. Kirby is drunk. I have just seen him, and he is as sober as any person in the house this moment. The fact is, Mr. Osbaldiston has grossly insulted Mr. Kirby, by telling Miss Vincent, in the presence of the whole company, not to speak the speeches, but to come to cues, and not to be humbugged by the damned Yankee. (Great sensation.) Mr. Kirby has just attempted to enter the theatre, and explain to you the nature of the gross insult offered to him, but Mr. Osbaldiston has ordered the door-keepers not to admit him." Great confusion followed this gentleman's remarks, and a noise at the box entrance added not a little to the uproar; and, upon inquiry, it was found that Mr. Osbaldiston and Mr. Kirby were at the door, the latter gentleman having paid for a box ticket, and the former refusing him admittance. The house thinned after the above affair, and the other pieces went off very tamely.

FEROCIOUS WEASELS.

The Kelso (Scotland,) *Mail*, of a late date, says: On Wednesday last, a laborer named Hogarth, while proceeding along the turnpike near the village of Smallholm, was set upon by twelve weasels. At first he observed them emerge out of a dry stone dyke, and when he was within fifty yards, they made towards him in a body. He armed himself with a "grievous crab tree cudgel," and awaited the approach of the assailants. They came leisurely on, and when close to him, despite the menacing attitude he assumed, nine of their number attacked him in front, and made two or three ineffectual attempts to fasten their teeth in his trowsers, but by the active use of his weapon, five of the nine were killed; the other four escaped. By this time three of them had got behind, and clung tenaciously to his legs, actually suffering themselves to be killed rather than release their hold. Of the attacking force, he succeeded in destroying eight.

MAN LOST ON THE PRAIRIES—RESCUE BY A DOG.

On the 13th of December, a young man named McCormick, about eighteen years of age, started from a point on the Iowa river, four miles above Alden, to cross over to Wall Lake, a distance of twelve miles, with an ox team, and sled load of provisions, for his home. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by one of those violent snow storms and drifts which have been so plenty this winter, and lost the road. After wandering about all day in the blinding and drifting snow, he took the cattle from the sled, in hopes that they would find the way home, but this failed. He then determined to leave his cattle, and by his own efforts try to find some human habitation. He accordingly started, taking his dog and his gun, but his dog left him and went back to the sled, and he himself became so exhausted that he threw away his gun.

Night soon set in, and the tempest raged with unabated violence, and giving himself up for lost, he sunk down in the snow, never expecting to rise again; but after resting a short time, he made one more effort, and looking around he found a large snow bank. In this bank he succeeded in making himself a kind of burrow, into which he crawled, and which in a good measure screened him from the storm. Here he slept comparatively comfortably till morning. The storm continued the next day, and he wandered about in a bewildered state, and during the long stormy day, struggled desperately, without knowing whither he was going—to find a settlement—but in vain; and as night again spread her sable curtains over the desolate waste, he sank down exhausted, benumbed, his limbs frozen, to die, but about 8 o'clock in the evening he heard the barking of a dog. This aroused him to make a last effort for his life, but his frozen limbs refused to do their office, and he was compelled to crawl on his hands and knees. The dog kept running and barking before him, and guiding his course by him, he dragged himself along over two miles distance, and reached a house about 2 o'clock in the morning, having been on the prairie forty-four hours without food or drink.

He was brought to Alden, where he now lies in a low, emaciated, critical state. One of his legs has been amputated; the other has literally rotted off above the ancle, and as soon as he is able to undergo the operation, it will be amputated.—[Dubuque (Iowa) Herald.

THE RAT-ELEPHANT.

MUS PRABOSCIDEOR PREHENSILIS.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* gives the following strange case:—A man named Girome, a discharged Zouave, was yesterday tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police for swindling. A person named Triquel stated that he is a great fancier of curious animals, and that the prisoner one day came to him and offered for sale a rat with a trunk. As he had never seen or even heard of such an animal, he asked to see it, and the man showed him a large rat which had on its snout a long excrescence. He could hardly believe his eyes, and to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of fraud, he pricked the trunk with a pin; the animal uttered a cry, and a drop of blood fell. Convinced by this that the trunk was real, he paid 50 francs for the rat, and he subsequently gave another 50 francs for a female, in order to increase the breed. He expected to render himself famous by bringing to the knowledge of the public a species of rat of which neither Buffon nor any other naturalist had made mention; but to his mortification his two rats with trunks produced young without any. He one day described his rats to an officer who had served in Africa, and the latter burst into a roar of laughter. Having asked the cause of his mirth, the officer told him that no such things as rats with trunks existed, and that they were an invention of the Zouaves.

"An invention of the Zouaves!" cried the perplexed naruralist; "why, how can that be?" The officer then related to him that the Zouaves are accustomed to take two rats and fasten them to a flat board, the snout of one towards the tail of the other; they then cut a hole in the snout of the second rat, and insert the tail of the first into it, they then bind the snout up, and leave the two rats together for 48 hours. By that time the tail has become firm in the incision, and they then separate the two rats by cutting off the tail of the first at a small distance from the snout of the other. The second thus remains ornamented with a trunk, and in about a month the incision in the snout is perfectly healed, so that the trunk appears part and parcel of the animal. Indignant at this imposture, the complainant had the Zouave arrested as a swindler. The Tribunal, however, did not consider it swindling, and dismissed the case.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Mr. ——— and his little son Charley were sitting by the fire listening to the music of a piano upon which the child's mother was playing. After she concluded, it being about the child's bed-time, Charley was told to say his prayers and go to bed. As was his custom, he kneeled down beside his mother, and with folded hands and his head full of the music he had heard, repeated the well-known child's hymn

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake
Pop goes the weazel!"

As may be imagined, the solemnity of the occasion was sadly interrupted by the peals of laughter from father and mother.

DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES.

"Crow, I want to ax you a connunderdum."

"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like a river at low tide."

"No, Julius, I doesn't see no similarity in de two subjects, so darfor I guves um up."

"Well, den, I'll tell you—it is simply bekase it developes the muscles! You is the most ignumous nigger I nebber seed." "Yah! yah! I knowed all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin. Jist ax me agin, and see if I can't told you."

A NOVEL MAIL CARRIER.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following description of one of the attaches of the National Intelligencer office:

"Speaking of the Intelligencer reminds me of one of the attaches of that office. He is a very large, very sagacious, very old, and very self-important Newfoundland dog. Like everything about the office, he bears an appearance of extreme solidity and great good nature, and an ability and determination to maintain his principles, privileges, and rights. Since I have known him, it has been his custom to go to the post-office every morning with the mail bag. This morning, as I returned, I met him; he occupied the narrow footpath, and picked his way along daintily. The snow on either side was about four feet deep. One must turn out, and I rather expected to take precedence over his dogship; but not an inch would he yield; and when I attempted to push him off into the snow, he very good-naturedly turned the tables by placing his paws on my shoulders and precipitating me headlong into the snow-bank, and then quietly passing over my body. I recovered my equilibrium in time to see several others, who had laughed at my fall, take warning by my fate, and accord the way to the old fellow, who passed on as quietly as ever."

FEATS OF PERSIAN HORSES.

The Paris *Seicle* gives the following details relative to the horses just sent to the Emperor Napoleon from Persia:—"The horses sent by the Shah belong to the tribe of Tehi, which, as regards beauty and perfection of form, are only excelled by the tribe of Nedji; but, as a set off, those of Tehi possess qualities which are quite exceptional, being not only full of fire, but extremely docile. This breed of horses can travel for a whole day without any other food than a little barley mixed with chopped straw. A fact which appears to us incredible is mentioned on this subject. When the predecessor of Feth Ali Shah died, the latter had to present himself immediately to secure the crown, in order to prevent another competitor coming forward. For this purpose he travelled in twenty-four hours on the same Turcoman horse from Schiraz to Ispahan, a distance of not less than ninety-six leagues (240 miles.) Incredible as this must appear, it is generally believed in Teheran. There are two Turcoman or two Arab horses kept constantly saddled and bridled in the stables of the Muphti, at Ispahan, ready for our Saviour Jesus Christ and the prophet Abdala, as according to Mahometan tradition they are both to descend from heaven on the appearance of the Anti-christ, in order to hurl him into the eternal abyss."

THE LATEST HOOP STORY.

"Sam, what was the matter with you last night, when I saw you walking up and down the street?"

"Oh, Bill, I met with a bad misfortune last Sunday night—time of that hard wind."

"How came that, Sam?"

"You know those hoops the ladies have got to wearing in their skirts?"

"Yes, Sam, I do, and I don't like them."

"You needn't like them, for I was walking with my lady that night, who had one of them on, and blame the thing, it kept rolling my boot handles, and for an excuse, I told her to let go my arm while I got my handkerchief, and in the meantime a gale of wind came and took her up in the air, and I havn't seen her since."

"Well, have you heard from her since?"

"Yes, I got a letter from her to-day."

"Where is she?"

"Why, she's over in Jersey, where she landed after a pleasant ride of fifteen minutes. She speaks in eloquent terms of the people of Jersey, and says that they are as clever and hospitable as the people of the United States."

"Good night, Sam."

A GAMEKEEPER EARTHED.

A game-keeper suspecting some poachers were out, went in search of them. He had not gone far, before he came in contact with two men, whom he charged with an intent of stealing game. The men, not relishing the accusation, or fearing the consequences of a trespass, seized the poor gamekeeper, stuffed him head and shoulders into a rabbit's burrow, and drove a stake into the ground, between his legs, to prevent his escape! which effectually pinned him in. The poor fellow remained in that situation until noon the next day, when he was discovered by some laborers, who naturally concluded he had fallen a victim to some animal, which had endeavored to draw him into its den; and under this impression, repaired homeward to obtain more assistance, before they would attempt his rescue.

CONTEST BETWEEN A HAWK AND A RAT.

On Saturday, as the gamekeeper to Thomas Keeping, Esq., was crossing a field on Northstreet Farm, in the parish of Hellingly, on the estate of the Rev. E. J. Johnson, he saw a hawk dart upon, and seize something, after which a great struggle ensued; hastening to the spot he was surprised to find its antagonist was a full grown rat. After several minutes of fierce battle, the keeper parted them by catching the rat and stumping it down. After half an hour had elapsed the hawk returned, and resumed the contest, and it being a difficult matter to say which would be the victor, the keeper then decided the battle by killing both.—*Sussex Express.*

LARGE EAGLES.

During the late freeze, a gentleman by the name of Boutwell, of Caroline county, Va., killed two bald eagles, near the Rappahannock river, in Middlesex county; one of them measuring six feet two inches and a half from tip to tip, and the other seven feet two inches from tip to tip. They were both flying, and were killed with buck shot, loaded in a common double-barrelled gun. One of them was at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards when the shot took effect.

FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

On Sunday, the 8th ult., Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Hampshire county, Virginia, killed, by a blow of a club, an eagle, which measured six feet or a little more between the points of the wings when expanded. The eagle had attacked the geese; the gander, which was its intended prey, resisted the attacks and fought the enemy bravely, till Mrs. T. came to the rescue; the eagle then prepared for battle with her, whereupon she struck him a blow with the club that rendered the bird unable to escape by flight.

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

"Come Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were at home."

"Well, yes," was the answer; "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on *that* account."

Davenport, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto.

"There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole—List! List! O List!"

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller."

"I shoule be happy indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation."

The reason why women's teeth decay earlier than men's, is not because of the friction of the tongue on them. It is the sweetness of their lips.